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COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

THE Chinese are consistent as well as original in their system of competitive examination. Ministers and Viceroy climb to the top of the tree by the same ladder which helps accountants and clerks into the lowest branches of promotion. The illustrious YEH, who had been himself a Chinese medallist and senior wrangler, might fairly make the appointment of a spy, a gaoler, or a headman the prize of superior literary proficiency; but it is difficult to appreciate the enthusiasm for competition which prevails among the born or elected mandarins of England. The buttons which decorate their own caps were not won by marks for examination papers, but by the possession of land or money, or by popular eloquence, or, above all, by their taking the trouble to be born. Lord STANLEY's considerable talents and extraordinary industry would, indeed, have secured him a writership if he had sprung from the middle ranks of life. As the heir of an historical house and the son of a great Parliamentary leader, he attained a seat in the House of Commons soon after twenty, and a seat in the Cabinet soon after thirty. Reasonable lookers-on acquiesce in that law of human affairs by which some men have fairer opportunities than others, while the envious solace themselves sufficiently with some harmless proverb about congenital silver spoons. The favourites of fortune themselves are naturally well satisfied with the arrangements of society, but their sympathy is sometimes too weak to extend beyond the class to which they themselves belong. It seems right that an unknown boy should become a county member because his father is a duke, but it is shocking that another boy of the same age should become a clerk in a public office because his father or his uncle is head of a department. With respect to all public appointments except those on which the good government of the country depends, Lord STANLEY is an orthodox Chinese, and the sense of logical consistency is so predominant in his character that he would perhaps carry out his principle even to the extent of putting up an earldom to competition. As, however, it is certain that neither the House of Lords nor the borough of Lambeth will concur in adopting a system of examinations, there seems to be no sufficient reason for disposing of all appointments to the Civil Service by the new-fangled literary auction.

As Chairman of the Select Committee on the theory and practice of competition, Lord STANLEY has, notwithstanding the exercise of his usual diligence, utterly failed to discover a single fact or argument in support of the modern pedant's panacea. The spirit of his own Report may be understood from his reference to the "strong and well-considered language" of the Commissioners of 1853. Lord ROBERT CECIL nearly obtained a majority for an amendment which would have struck out the two complimentary epithets; but perhaps the Committee may have felt that at least one-half of the description was just, for the language of Sir C. TREVELYAN and Sir S. NORTHGOTE was undoubtedly strong in assertion, though it was by no means well-considered. In another sense, it may be admitted that a feebler document than the Commissioners' Report of 1853 never recommended a questionable change. As the proposed system of open competition has happily never been adopted, it was perhaps premature to inquire into the success of its operation. The limited competition which has been partially introduced is less irrational and mischievous; but it is remarkable that an eager Chairman, backed by a majority of the Committee, failed to extract from the official witnesses a single word of evidence in favour of the innovation. The Civil Service Commissioners alone discharge their natural function by announcing that there is nothing like leather; and as their acquaintance with the candidates terminates with the close of the examination, it is not surprising that they have nothing to say against their

efficiency in the practical portion of their career. The chiefs of the great administrative departments unanimously declare either that the patent competition leather is not preferable to the old material, or that it is too fine for the work. It required some coolness on the part of a recent advocate of the Chinese system to quote the names of these witnesses in favour of his views, suppressing the fact that they were, with scarcely an exception, either hostile to competition or neutral. The pledged majority of the Committee prudently rejected an amendment to the Report, in which Lord ROBERT CECIL concisely sums up the opinions of nearly all the competent official authorities:—"Of those whom the Committee examined, Mr. TREVOR, Mr. FREMANTLE, and Major GRAHAM expressed no decided opinion on the subject. Mr. MERIVALE expressed himself doubtfully, Mr. CHESTER warmly in its favour. The remaining eleven—that is to say, Sir T. FREMANTLE, Mr. TILLEY, Sir B. HAWES, Mr. ROMILLY, Sir R. BROMLEY, Mr. HAMMOND, Mr. ARBUTHNOT, Mr. CORBET, Mr. SARGENT, Mr. WADDINGTON, and Mr. LINGEN—were unfavourable to its adoption, and in many cases deprecated it very strongly."

There was comparatively little difficulty in inducing witnesses to state that a test examination had excluded gross inefficiency. Mr. ROMILLY's former experience supplied an instance of a clerk in the Audit Office who, in addition to the serious disqualification of idiocy, could neither read nor write. It cannot be denied that an uneducated idiot is unfit for a public office; but it scarcely follows that a clerkship should be put up as a prize for a crowd of competitors. Lord STANLEY quotes at length, as if the evidence bore on his own hobby, a curious statement of Major GRAHAM, as to the manner in which minor patronage was distributed in the days of Lord MELBOURNE. When the Registry Office was established, in 1836, Sir ROBERT PEEL was at the head of a powerful minority, and O'CONNELL had lately sold his Irish votes to the Government under the celebrated compact of Lichfield House. It would be curious to ascertain the proportion of Irishmen and friends of hesitating members who consequently formed the Registrar's establishment. "A great number of those appointed were very objectionable on account of age, on account of their broken state of health, and on account of their bad character and want of proper qualifications. One of these persons had been imprisoned as a fraudulent debtor; another was detected by Major GRAHAM himself in a fraudulent act; one was unable, from the state of his health, to associate with the other clerks, and died shortly after a separate room had on this account been provided for him. The Accountant had to be removed for inefficiency; the Deputy-Registrar did not attend the office for fifteen months, when his appointment was cancelled as unnecessary; the services of the Solicitor attached to the office were also not required, and his duties were transferred to the Solicitor to the Treasury; twelve of the least efficient clerks were discharged by Major GRAHAM, on his appointment in 1842; and eleven or twelve more have been removed in subsequent years on the same ground, besides four who were discharged by Major GRAHAM's predecessor for disgraceful conduct."

Fraudulent debtors, accountants ignorant of accounts, Deputy-Registrars and solicitors who have nothing to do, illustrate the history of Parliamentary jobbing rather than the theory of competition. Bankers and merchants never make appointments in their service the prize of competitive examinations, and yet they contrive to dispense with the aid of swindlers, of idlers, and of superfluous assistants. A reasonable head of a firm would certainly satisfy himself that a new clerk could write and spell; or, if a knowledge of bookkeeping or of French was indispensable to the business, he would employ sufficient tests of proficiency in those necessary accomplishments. An examination in the elements of

a liberal education, together with proper certificates of character, furnishes all the security which is either attainable or desirable in the choice of candidates for the Civil Service. The remuneration is not proportioned to extraordinary ability, nor do the functions require it. Unless the pay of public servants is to be doubled, the prizes will not attract the ablest competitors, and a contest of second-rate candidates would be as useless as a race of cocktails. The cleverest young men who happen not to be clever enough for the open professions would constitute a singular oligarchy of select mediocrity. When clerks are nominated with a proper regard to their character and parentage, under the check of an independent examination, a fair percentage of ability will always be found among a given number. It by no means follows that the modest maintenance which may be gladly accepted as a gift would have tempted the holder to enter into competition if it had been offered as a prize. It is intelligible enough that a test examination may have, in some instances, corrected the indifference of corrupt Secretaries of the Treasury to social station as well as to every other qualification for office. Even unrestricted competition might at first fail to lower the social standard of the Civil Service, but it is evident that, after a time, public appointments would be objects of ambition only to a humbler class of society.

The Commissioners and Examiners declare that the unsuccessful candidates have always failed in spelling and arithmetic, or, in other words, they affirm that a pass examination is amply sufficient. It requires no competition to find whether a candidate can subtract two from twenty, or put the proper vowel first in the word *gauge*. When open competition is instituted, marks must be given or refused for the definition of such terms of art as *anacoluthon*, and Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE will be justified in inquiring why a clerk in the War Office should be expected to describe the character of the Seventh King of the Nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty. At present, the Examiners fairly explain that their more recondite questions, having no practical bearing, are intended only for the gratification of their own erudite tastes. If a candidate is beaten because a rival has penetrated deeper into the recesses of useless knowledge, it will no longer be possible to distinguish between the comparative utility of questions and of answers. When NEBUCHADNEZZAR put his soothsayers to death for not telling him his forgotten dream, he was carrying out, on an ample Oriental scale, the system of a test examination. The unfortunate Chaldeans would have derived little satisfaction if they had been told that they were slain and their houses turned into dunghills because a Jewish captive had beaten them in a fair and public competition.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

THE French Government preluded the Municipal Elections with a loud flourish of respect for the rights of the subject. It was graciously ordained that there should be entire freedom of election, and the world was to see that the only real political liberty is that which is enjoyed under a paternal despotism. The fulfilment of these promises we learn from the *Times*' Correspondent. "The legal period fixed for the elections is twenty days, but the decree for the elections, signed the 14th of July, and ordering that they should take place on the 18th and 19th of August, was published in the *Moniteur* only on the 10th inst. It would take a day to reach the prefects of departments, another day to reach most of the communes, so that the real time allowed for these elections cannot be estimated at more than six or seven days, or one-third of the time the law prescribes. Considering the necessary formalities, the fact that the lists of candidates (from twelve upwards, according to the number of electors in the commune) must either have obtained the sanction of the prefect, or have been deposited at the *parquet* with the signatures of all the candidates, this curtailed period is wholly insufficient; it deprives opposition candidates of any chance of success, and converts the elections into a mere form. The Government candidates will have it all their own way." From a subsequent letter we find that these anticipations have been amply fulfilled. "There are communes in Brittany and other remote provinces where the decree was published only on the afternoon of the 15th inst. for elections that were to take place on the 19th. In certain districts the prefects refused to publish lists of candidates which were not to their taste. Universal suffrage becomes a mere farce when the prefect's authorization is required for the publication

of a list of candidates. It is true that such authorization is not necessary for lists that are signed by all the candidates; but, by signing, the candidates express their approval of all who are upon the list with them. You will understand that it is not always an easy matter to make out a list of from ten to thirty-six persons so harmonious as to meet the approbation of all those set down upon it. Time is required for this—more time than four, or six, or eight days, which is the utmost that has on this occasion been conceded. Another complaint made is with respect to the nomination of mayors. The license the law grants to the executive of naming, by exception, these functionaries from without the pale of the municipal council, has been converted into a rule. The nomination of the mayors for all the communes of France appeared in the *Moniteur* some days before the elections. A circular from the Ministry of the Interior recommended them not to get themselves elected. Some of the mayors, however, have resigned, and presented themselves for election." Such is freedom of election granted by ukase, and with lists of candidates sanctioned by the prefect. Such is the good faith shown towards its own people by a Government on whose good faith towards foreign nations we are expected implicitly to rely. LOUIS NAPOLEON is swindling his own partners, while he asks unlimited credit without security from an opposition firm.

The elections led to a consultation between three leaders of the Liberal party, M. GLAIS BIZOIN, M. CARNOT, and M. GARNIER PAGES, as to the line of conduct to be pursued by their party under the circumstances. Should they go to the poll with the hopeless weight of coggng tyranny against them, or should they protest against an abuse of the name of election by a dignified abstention? They decided to go to the poll, and they decided wisely. The policy of dignified abstention has been long condemned by experience. The secession of Fox and the Whigs from the House of Commons is the type of all secessions, and of the fate which awaits them. An injured woman may wring the heart of a false lover by suicide, but the heart of a triumphant majority is never wrung by the suicide of the Opposition. The conduct of a party in the position in which the French Liberals are now placed is a perpetual appeal to the sympathy of the people; and the sympathy of the people is excited by a struggle gallantly sustained against overpowering odds, but soon ceases to follow those who have numbered themselves with the dead. There is no dishonour in using the poor semblance of an electoral right which the despot has conceded. The concession does not spring from his grace—it is extorted from him by the fear of outraging too much the self-respect of a nation which has known what it is to be free. The constitutional form will be, as it is intended to be, the useful mask of his despotism if he is allowed to have all his own way without opposition. But opposition will compel him constantly to outrage before the people principles the sanctity of which he ostensibly admits, and drive him to perpetual exertions of arbitrary power, each of which is a new source of weakness. For, in an advanced state of society, even military despotism cannot rest wholly upon bayonets. To be safe, it must keep some terms with the conscience and the dignity of the nation. Moreover, a political assembly may be as servile as you will while the tyrant is strong. It may allow itself to be spurned and spit upon in as abject a manner as the Senate of the First NAPOLEON. Still it is a political assembly, and its members, mere nominees though they be, catch something of the spirit of such assemblies, fancy themselves invested with independent power and dignity, and learn to detest in their hearts the insolent dictation to which they cringe. In the hour of the tyrant's weakness, the presence even of one or two independent men may waken in them the spirit of resistance; and then they will not forget that they have been summoned to deliberate on the dressing of DOMITIAN's turbot, and compelled to decree the consulship to CALIGULA's horse. He is a fool, said the Greek proverb, who kills the father and leaves the son alive. He is as great a fool who takes away the substance of liberty and lets the form remain. He is a fool, at least, who does this without necessity; and if a usurper is driven to do this by necessity, here is the vulnerable point of his power, through which the weapon of liberty, if wielded by resolute and persevering hands, may one day find its way.

There is one point, however, of the joint letter of MM. CARNOT and GARNIER PAGES, and a very important point, in which equal wisdom is not displayed. In face of the facts

before them, they glory in having been among those who drew up the decree establishing universal suffrage, "as the broadest and most sincere mode of applying the principle of the sovereignty of the people;" and they proclaim that universal suffrage "has become the supreme law in Europe," and that "the overthrow of thrones, changes of dynasties, annexations of provinces, transformations of States, are henceforward submitted to the will of all." We commend the correctness of the expressions. It is "*will*," not *reason*, that reigns by universal suffrage. Universal suffrage is the "sovereignty of the people"—that is, the sovereignty of the multitude without distinction of intelligence or virtue. Universal suffrage is the domination of brute force and the suppression of all the influences by which brute force ought, in civilized society, to be controlled. It levels the most cultivated and the most industrious citizens with the Lazzaroni lounging in the sun. It gives an equal vote to all male human animals, withholding the franchise from the female only because she is weak. It is an invention for nullifying the progress of humanity by crushing intelligence under the feet of passion, and giving the animal instincts an ascendancy in government over the dictates of the mind. It is not a natural but a most artificial institution; for it inverts the natural order of society, and annihilates the guiding power to which nature has manifestly entrusted the destinies of the world. The ideal at which it aims is that of a herd in which no distinction of intelligence exists. It is the offspring of violence and envy, and the parent of that which MM. CARNOT and GARNIER PAGES now see and deplore. The despotism of LOUIS NAPOLEON is the sovereign impersonation of brute force. In him the "national will," which he boasts as the origin of his power, rises supreme over national reason, morality, and law. His single oppression crushes, far more effectually than that of a many-headed tyrant, the natural superiorities which the authors of universal suffrage hate. He concentrates, assures, and renders permanent the loose, precarious, and transient domination of the mob. His steady pressure brutalizes far more thoroughly and certainly than the fitful rowdiness of New York. In him Messrs. BRIGHT and CORDEN, in spite of their affected political indifferentism, recognise and adore the true head of their cause—the perfect type and pattern of the tyranny which they themselves trust to exercise at the head of a rampant majority over political intelligence and justice. MM. CARNOT and GARNIER PAGES were not satisfied with legal and constitutional Government. They found it tame, insipid, and contemptibly devoid of that theatrical majesty which usurping violence bestows. The complete liberty of speech and action which it secured to them they used for its overthrow. They invoked in its place the "sovereignty of the people." The "sovereignty of the people" has risen at their call. They see its face, and apparently they do not find it fair.

THE DEFENCE OF LONDON.

IT is a significant fact that every stage of the Bill which has been introduced to make provision for the fortification of the Dockyards leads to a debate on the still more vital question of the defence of London. The demand for adequate protection to the vast interests which depend on the safety of the metropolis is not, as Ministers have sometimes endeavoured to represent, a mere remonstrance of civilians against the decision of military authorities. In and out of Parliament, soldiers of the greatest experience have warned the Government that no scheme which leaves the fate of London to depend on the issue of a single pitched battle can be regarded as sufficient for the defence of the country against invasion. Lord ELLENBOROUGH's authority, and his arguments even more than his authority, have stamped the question as one of too great importance to be shuffled off with the stereotyped official answer that the Government have consulted the constituted authorities, and have decided to do nothing. It is needless to dwell on the consequences which an actual capture or surrender of London would involve. No one has attempted to say that Lord OVERSTONE has at all exaggerated the ruin which even a capitulation, softened by all that civilization can do to mitigate the horrors of a hostile occupation, would bring upon the whole country. Lord ELLENBOROUGH has sketched a yet more terrible picture, and who will be bold enough to predict that a victorious general in London would be willing or able to save the richest city in the world from the fate which has befallen other captured towns? It is admitted, indeed, on all hands that no pecuniary sacrifice would

be too great to blot out from the possibilities of warfare such an event as the sack of London. For the rest, it is a purely military question whether London is really beyond the possibility of capture, or, if not, whether any measures of defence can secure for it this immunity.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH's view is intelligible enough. With Woolwich as our citadel and arsenal, it would be easy even for an inferior force to hold London against any invader. Every street, if need be, would be a fortress; and Woolwich, if converted into a first-class fort, would make the supply of warlike stores secure, and at the same time render it a desperate game for an enemy to pass by the dockyard for an attack upon the city. Even when the projected arsenal at Cannock Chase shall have been made, the importance of Woolwich will be scarcely diminished, for no one has contemplated the entire removal of the manufacturing establishments from their present site. Lord ELLENBOROUGH's scheme is but one of several modes by which it has been proposed to render London secure. Many others have been suggested on authority which deserves respectful consideration. One plan would constitute the chalk hills which stretch almost across the whole country between the Thames and the Medway the principal line of defence. A few positions strongly fortified beforehand would, it is said, form a sufficient commencement for extended lines which might be completed in a short time when the necessity arose. The subsidiary posts would all have been marked out in anticipation of the struggle, and, with a previously concerted plan to work upon, the labour which at such a time would be available would speedily improve a good natural position so as to make it almost impregnable. A third project, which aims at still greater security, is to form an interior line of defence by means of a series of detached forts on Shooter's Hill, Norwood Hill, and several other commanding positions by which London happens to be encircled. Another suggestion, more novel in its character, but having much to recommend it in its adaptation to modern conditions of warfare, is to complete a line of railroad entirely round London, specially adapted for the rapid movement of troops, and in particular of artillery, by means of which a comparatively small force might be concentrated, with a rapidity which no invading enemy could rival, on any point where an attack was threatened. Such an arrangement would give to the defenders of London advantages of the same kind which enabled NAPOLEON to win the battle of Magenta.

We mention these various suggestions, not for the purpose of comparing and criticising the suggestions of competent military authorities, but merely as proof that professional opinion is very far from acquiescing in the off-hand judgment of Ministers, that the defence of London is either unnecessary or impracticable. It may very well be that each of the schemes which have been proposed would be improved by borrowing something from the rival plans. The matter is clearly one which needs investigation by the ablest body of military men whose assistance the Government can command. If a fairly selected Commission should come to the conclusion that London is indefensible, the Government would no doubt be justified in the inaction on which it seems to have resolved. Lord DE GREY and RIFON, in his remarks upon Lord ELLENBOROUGH's speech, attempted to take up some such ground as this. There had been no Commission authorized to inquire into this particular point, and the Commissioners whose Report had been partially adopted were clearly of opinion that the fortification of London was both feasible and essential. But it was said that "the constituted authorities" had pronounced an adverse judgment, and that the Government thought the country safe enough with the little army of regulars which would be available for operations against an enemy. There was a certain want of candour in this statement, which Lord DE GREY betrayed by mentioning the names of Sir J. BURGOYNE and Sir H. DOUGLAS as the advisers of the Government. It is quite true that both of these distinguished soldiers have declared themselves opposed to any scheme of fortification—but why? Not because they consider London safe, but because they have an alternative mode of defence, which they perhaps rightly regard as preferable. Give me a quarter of a million of regular troops, says Sir H. DOUGLAS, and I will guarantee that you shall be more secure than any fortifications can make you. Sir J. BURGOYNE has given substantially the same reason for his opinion. The army ought to be enormously increased. If it be so, you will beat any enemy in the field long before he can reach London—if it be not, you will not have soldiers

enough to man the lines when they are made; and as for trusting them to Volunteers, that is an idea which Sir J. BURGOYNE would regard as little short of madness. If the Government thought fit to adopt these views in opposition to all the conflicting military authority which exists on the subject, they would be taking a consistent, though perhaps not a prudent, course. But they are as far from acting on the advice of the eminent soldiers under whose authority they shelter themselves as they are from adopting the opposite plan which Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Sir DE LACY EVANS have urged upon them. If Sir J. BURGOYNE's opinion is to be conclusive, the army should be increased by 150,000 men; and, perhaps, the Volunteers might at the same time be disbanded; but to reject one mode of defence because Sir J. BURGOYNE disapproves of it, without adopting the still more costly substitute which he declares to be essential, does not show much respect for the authority by which all adverse critics are expected to be silenced.

Even if it be granted that the advisers of the Government are quite right in saying that a large standing army is better than earthworks and forts, the question of the fortification of London remains untouched. We have not got the army which is proposed as a substitute for permanent defences. No Minister will ask, and no Parliament will vote, in time of peace the money which such an establishment would annually absorb, and the real question remains what is the best way of defending the capital with no other resources than a small regular army and a host of imperfectly trained Volunteers. This is not the question which either Sir J. BURGOYNE or Sir H. DOUGLAS has answered; and as it is impossible to deny either the vital importance of the inquiry or the differences of opinion which exist among the best-informed and most experienced officers in the service, it does seem to be pre-eminently a proper subject for investigation by a Commission which will command something like universal assent to its decision.

In refusing such an inquiry, Ministers are taking upon themselves a serious responsibility which they may one day have to answer for. It is idle to pretend that they are simply deferring to the military advice by which they are ordinarily assisted. The determination to trust the protection of London to a small army, without the support of fortifications, is one which no military authority has said a word to justify. The means of defence on which Ministers choose to stake the safety of the country are thought adequate by none but civilians, and though it is undoubtedly true that the very large additions which have been recommended to the strength of the army are not within our power to obtain, it does not follow that the possibly inferior advantages of a system of fortifications might not greatly diminish the perils to which, in the event of invasion, the country would be exposed. This is not a question which it is wise for Ministers to decide in opposition to the unanimous opinion of our ablest veterans. One may prefer to trust to numerous battalions, while another may think that for the defence of London, no less than for the defence of Lisbon, strong positions may be made to supply the want of men. All, however, are agreed on this—that if we are to have neither additional troops nor additional works, the provision made for the defence of the country is not the sufficient protection which Ministers affect to consider it. Their decision is simply a civilian judgment on a military question, and if only for the sake of setting themselves right with the country, they would do wisely to strengthen themselves by the Report of a competent Commission.

SYRIA.

THE more detailed accounts of the Syrian massacres generally bear out the startling intelligence which at first seemed almost incredible. Lord PALMERSTON indeed speaks of the agency which had previously been at work in the Lebanon; but the actual commencement of the feud, though it was probably premeditated by the Maronites, was identical in its character with the manner in which quarrels have begun amongst barbarous tribes since their doings were first recorded in history. A monk found with his throat cut furnished, according to the jurisprudence of the Mountain, conclusive evidence that the Druses must have been the authors of the murder. The Christians accordingly proceeded to kill the first Druses whom they could find, whilst others attempted to drive their hereditary enemies out of five or six villages which had been occupied in common. They were,

of course, prepared to expect a corresponding retaliation on the part of the Druses; and about this stage of the controversy it was the duty of the Turkish authorities to interfere for the purpose of patching up the quarrel. A few threats, one or two punishments, and, above all, a compulsory payment of blood-money, would have produced a truce, which might probably have lasted to the next assassination; but the Pasha was incapable, and probably treacherous, and consequently the Druses, about the end of May, fired the Christian villages almost to the gates of Beyrout. At Hasbeya, the next object of their attack, a powerful Moslem Emir of the house of SHEBAB was slain, with all his family, apparently because his influence was obnoxious to the Pasha of Damascus. The Turkish officer in command was an active accomplice in the murder of the Christians, while the sister of the principal Druse chief saved the lives of four hundred women and children who had taken refuge in her palace. At Zahleh, and at Deir-el-Kammar, the troops of KURSCHID PASHA shared in the massacre, and when the European consuls at Beyrout afterwards remonstrated with the Druses, they saw reason to believe that the Turkish Governors were the real chiefs of the conspiracy. The strong feeling produced by a belief in their guilt may perhaps diminish the impartiality of the witnesses, and Mr. BRANT, whose judgment is entitled to the highest respect, on the whole declines to attribute the Damascus massacre to the deliberate contrivance of the Governor. He declares, however, that the respectable Moslems were anxious for the restoration of order; and he professes his inability to believe that a soldier who held a high command in the Crimea can have been influenced by the abject cowardice which seems the only alternative of guilt. The conduct of FUAD PASHA in sending the delinquent Pachas to Constantinople, instead of trying them on the spot, throws suspicion either on his own energy or on the good faith of the Government which may have refused to supply him with necessary powers. The representatives of England and France will not be inclined to tolerate any squeamishness about capital punishment in the case of dignitaries who, if guilty at all, are responsible for the vilest treachery and murder. It is not impossible that the Pashas may have been influenced by political motives rather than by fanatical antipathy. Since the expulsion of MEHEMET ALI from Syria, the Druses and Maronites have been governed by their respective chiefs under the paramount authority of the Porte; and, as Lord PALMERSTON observed in the House of Commons, the arrangement, which seems natural in itself, has proved tolerably efficacious in maintaining the peace during a period of twenty years. The representatives of the sovereign power, like Imperial functionaries in other parts of the world, have constantly attempted to encroach on the local privileges of the mountaineers, and to Oriental politicians the rule of conquering by division would at once occur without the aid of any Latin proverb. Between Druse schismatics and Maronite infidels the Turkish Governors might be, on the whole, indifferent; but a murderous feud dividing the two races could scarcely fail to increase the importance of the central authority. The experiment has been carried too far in the Lebanon and at Damascus, and even the independent sovereignty of the Porte is threatened by the indignation which has been roused through Western Christendom. The truest friend and most powerful protector of Turkey has more reason than any other Government to denounce the perfidy or the weakness which has once more opened a field in the East for the vigilant ambition of France and of Russia. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who, on the Turkish question, has a right to interpret and express the policy of England, has more than once pointed out the necessity of providing against outrages which are incompatible with the prolonged existence of the Ottoman Empire. The prevention or postponement of the threatened partition is conditional on the establishment of some tolerable system of administration.

For the present, the English Government has acted wisely in insisting on a joint and limited interference regulated by a convention with the Porte. Austria and Prussia had independently arrived at a similar conclusion in their resolution to maintain the treaty of Paris. It is not desirable to submit Europe to the risks of war for the sake of a problematic benefit to the Christian inhabitants of Syria. The vast bulk of the population of Asiatic Turkey is obstinately Mussulman, and if it fell under the dominion of any Christian Power it could only be kept in subjection by the sword. It is probable that a new province in the Levant might, as the Emperor NAPOLEON recently stated, prove a source of

weakness to France, rather than an addition to her power; but at the same time a possession unprofitable in itself would be a danger to England, and a challenge or invitation to Russia to follow the example. The German Powers dread the dismemberment of European Turkey, and they would regard the aggrandizement of Russia with additional jealousy if it were effected in pursuance of an understanding with France. Religious sympathy and chivalrous resentment are noble motives for action, but there had been no massacres in Savoy or Nice before the recent annexation.

It is natural that some political philanthropists should announce that the Ottoman empire is doomed to irretrievable destruction. Enough, they say, was done in the Crimea, and subsequently by the Treaty of Paris, for an organization which can no longer be galvanized into the semblance of life; and it would be better to acquiesce in the law of nature by which ruin follows weakness far more certainly than punishment treads on the heels of crime. The conclusion might suit the purpose of moralists or of prophets, but statesmen know that the death of States merely implies a political change, and that the nation survives under some alternative rule. The difficulty of the Eastern question consists, not in condemning the Turkish system, but in devising another horn for the inevitable dilemma. The emancipation of Syria from the Porte would perpetuate chronic wars among the hostile tribes which fill the country, and in almost all the European provinces a partition would similarly lead to an internecine war of races. Notwithstanding the numerous moral and political defects of the Turkish Government, no materials for a more equal and vigorous administration are to be found among its subjects. The Greek clergy are as worthless and corrupt as the Moslem officials, and to rival sects of Christians they are incomparably less tolerant. Some light will, perhaps, hereafter be thrown on the Eastern question by the progress of those provinces which have successfully been detached, in all but name, from the Empire. Wallachia and Moldavia may hereafter show that they can govern themselves without assistance, and Servia contains the nucleus of a vigorous and enterprising race. There is no reason to suppose that Syria could dispense with a foreign ruler, if the rights of the SULTAN were to be confiscated by the Great Powers as a punishment for the delinquency of his officers; and Lord PALMERSTON is justified in asking the sympathizing friends of the Maronites who the new possessor of Syria is to be. A household consisting of a helpless husband, a termagant wife, and a pack of mutinous children is not a satisfactory object of contemplation; but a prudent neighbour can only shrug her shoulders when busybodies remark that something must be done. In the domestic circle, as on the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, misery and anarchy are of indigenous growth, and, as long as their elements exist, they are likely to be permanent. Greeks and Latins, and Druses and Mussulmans will long continue to cultivate, as almost their only religious virtue, the duty of hating and plundering one another, and the Turks will too probably look on with complacency while hog bites dog or dog bites hog. A military occupation by France or Russia would only introduce an additional source of confusion and injustice. English statesmen cannot afford to abandon, in consequence of a barbarous outbreak, the steadiest and best-considered principles of national policy.

DISARMAMENT OF INDIA.

THE disarmament of the whole population of India, imperatively as it seems to be called for by reason and principle, involves difficulties of the greatest seriousness. It would be taxing human nature too highly to expect that the English settlers scattered over the country will consent to surrender their arms without resistance. The mutiny, though it has lost much of its interest in England, is still in India an event which necessarily colours the whole life and thought of everybody who was within its sphere. Of the Europeans established in the Lower Provinces, a certain number were actually attacked in their homes, and gallantly beat off their assailants with the arms in their possession. There are many more who believe that they would have been certainly marked out for massacre if they had not been known to be well supplied with guns and ammunition, and all the remainder feel that the terror and distress of the crisis would have been fearfully aggravated had they been exposed to it with the sense of utter helplessness. It is, therefore, no matter of surprise that the proposal of the Government to weed the whole country of offensive weapons

has been received by the Anglo-Indians with a storm of indignation, and that the Judges of the Supreme Court, who, much to the disturbance of English associations, are active political agitators in India, should have made violent speeches against the measure in the Legislative Council at Calcutta.

Yet the point in debate, whether the Disarming Act shall apply to Europeans, does really involve the whole question of the nature of British dominion in the East. The possession of arms has, from all time, been the badge of power and privilege in India. Any one class which is allowed to retain them when they are denied to the rest of the population mounts up, in virtue of the exception, to the position of an aristocracy. The issue is therefore most formidable. If English rule in India is to be that of an empire over an empire, it has some moral justification, as well as the justification of facts. We may hope, by carefully shaping our policy, to give the Hindoo a better government than he has ever enjoyed, and a more even administration of justice; nor, miserably little as is the promise of improvement at present, is it quite a chimerical expectation that his character may in the long run be permanently elevated, his faith purified, and his perverted civilization exchanged for a healthier culture. But if, on the other hand, our dominion is to be that of race over race, it is simply the most terrible of misfortunes for both Englishman and Hindoo. It would be flying in the face of positive knowledge to deny that men of Saxon breed make the harshest of oligarchs. Until quite recently they have seldom come in contact with a people of inferior civilization without either extirpating or enslaving it. The very qualities which constitute English greatness, the very virtues which give our countrymen success in their own social organization, and in the struggle with rival nations or in the conflict with the powers of nature, become depravities when the self-reliant freeman is suddenly converted into the member of an aristocracy of blood. He becomes first arrogant and then cruel. He gets first to dislike and despise, and then to abhor, those whose weakness, or indolence, or sensuality, or fanaticism, indisposes them to become his instruments in carrying out his immediate object, which is generally the acquisition of wealth. Even if we were absolutely careless of the interests of the native population, we could not afford to pave the way for the steady demoralization of an appreciable fraction of the English people by establishing a capitalist oligarchy in India. The reflection of Indian ideas on English opinion, and particularly on the opinions of the English religious world, is already doing serious harm.

The Government of India has got rid for the present of the stress of the difficulty by consenting to alter the clause in the Bill which regulated the issue of licenses for the exceptional possession of arms. As originally framed, this provision might have placed a European planter under an obligation to apply to a native magistrate for a license, and the jurisdiction of a black skin over a white has now for years been that particular violation of the order of nature to which the settlers have looked forward with deepest aversion. It is of course possible, by a judicious regulation of the terms on which licenses are to be granted, to leave the whole European population in arms without openly disturbing the equality before the law of Englishman and Hindoo. This is probably the shape which the inevitable compromise will assume; but, though it is inevitable, we must not be induced to blame the Government of India for having at first attempted to carry out a universal disarmament. It is extremely unfortunate that the principal information of the British public respecting Indian questions which are not of Imperial concern is derived from the Calcutta letters of the *Times*, which seem to be written (we speak merely from conjecture) by a gentleman connected with that portion of the Indian press which is entirely dependent on and supported by the planters. In his last communication, this writer argued that the Arms Bill was a gratuitous folly of the Indian Government, while in a long series of preceding letters he had been insisting, with an iteration not perhaps very intelligible to his English readers, that the Commission appointed to investigate the relations between the indigo planters and the native peasant had not brought home a single act of oppression to any one European. These two allegations hang together. The English speculators in Indian produce have long been accused of habitual violence to the Bengal ryot, and if the charge have any ground, there is of course a new reason against constituting them the only armed men among a defenceless population. It is, however, extremely likely that injustice has been done to them. The accusation proceeds chiefly, not from the officers of the Indian Government, but

from the Missionaries, who are not always the best of witnesses when speaking of actual or possible converts. We can perceive here in London that, whatever treatment the religious world may think good enough for an obstinate heathen, it can scarcely be persuaded to allow that a Negro-Christian ought even to labour for his bread; and in the same spirit the Baptist missionaries in Bengal, much of whose conduct to the ryots does them infinite honour, may nevertheless be a little blind to the provocations which the planter receives from the native, and have their eyes a little too wide open to the punishment which the native sometimes draws down upon himself in return. If it should be proved on the clearest testimony that an English planter had handsomely cudgelled a ryot who had contracted in the clearest language to plant indigo and then had calmly cultivated quite a different crop, nobody of sense would be much astonished or extraordinarily scandalized. But, while it may be conceded that there is not very much to correct, and a good deal to applaud, in the present state of relations between the planter and the peasantry, it is quite another question whether the European speculator should have bestowed upon him an unlimited liberty to coerce the ryot. Many of the demands of the Calcutta newspapers go this length, and it would be no inconsiderable advance on the way if the Europeans were to become the sole armed class in India. Hampered, as he asserts himself to be, by the chicane of the law, and perpetually exposed to the unfriendly observation of the missionaries and the Civil Service, the planter even now contrives to administer an occasional sound thrashing to his slippery hirelings. It is the duty of the Indian Government to see that the indulgence now and then allowed to British blood in a fume does not degenerate into a legalized tyranny. The assumption is sometimes made in England that a capitalist is, *ex vi termini*, a benefactor to the human species, but it is a very violent assumption in India.

G A R I B A L D I.

G A R I B A L D I has no reason to complain of the paucity or backwardness of his advisers; and until further news arrives from Syria, Europe is happily at leisure to watch the progress of the drama which is at present performed in Southern Italy. Little surprise would have been excited if the Sicilian Dictator had sailed at once to Naples, relying on the sympathy of all the intelligent classes and on the dissensions in the army. As he appears to have decided on the more cautious alternative of feeling his way through Calabria, it is not difficult to understand his motives, and there is reasonable ground for anticipating his success. As one of his ablest followers observes, he is combining a recruiting tour with a campaign, for it is his object to enlist the population of every province which he occupies under his liberating banner. Several local leaders had solicited his assistance in raising an insurrection in Calabria; and when he has enabled them to take full military possession of their own district, he will probably leave them in a position to occupy the Neapolitan troops, who will be at the same time wanted to assist in the defence of the home provinces and of the capital. The possession of the foot of Italy will isolate the garrison which still causes a certain uneasiness by its presence in the citadel of Messina. The fortress is essentially a *tête du pont* for an army which holds it in connexion with the Italian shore. Reggio, according to the latest intelligence, is already taken, and as soon as Scylla passes into the possession of the besieging force, the citadel merely becomes a prison for a portion of the Neapolitan troops.

Immediately on his return to Messina from that mysterious expedition which so forcibly revived the impression of his romantic character and position, G A R I B A L D I proceeded to join the detachments which he had sent across the Straits some days previously. The object of his solitary departure from Sicily is not precisely stated, and some have supposed that he wished to hold a secret interview with the KING whose dominions he is extending in pertinacious defiance of his orders. It would appear, however, from the latest accounts, that he simply went on a reconnoitring expedition; and it may be presumed that, if he negotiates at all, it will be for the purpose of obtaining support and removing obstacles, and not for the sake of useless discussion as to his own future policy. At present, he has a great advantage over statesmen and diplomatists in the consciousness of a definite object which it is not even expedient to conceal; and he must be well aware that, during his present flow of success and of

fame, he is absolutely independent of a Cabinet which cannot oppose him too far. A year ago, in deference to the KING's wishes, he suppressed for a time the association which he had formed under the name of *La Nazione Armata*. The enthusiasm created by his exploits has now turned the "armed nation" into a living reality. As France armed in 1793 and Germany in 1813, all the North of Italy is now pouring into the field where the independence of the nation can alone be effectually won. In answer to the remonstrance of foreign Powers, the Sardinian Government may truly allege the impossibility of suppressing the popular crusade. The instinct of the people, under the guidance of a heroic leader, has apprehended the truth, that the first condition of freedom and greatness is ability and readiness to fight. There is as little difficulty in discerning the enemy as in understanding the paramount duty of action. Constitutions, oaths, sophistry, protests in favour of municipal independence, may produce some effect among the inexperienced Liberals of Naples; but the people of Northern Italy and the Lombardo-Sicilian army know that, under any disguise, the BOURBON must be detected and overthrown. The recent rumour of Austrian interference, though it proved to be untrue, will have strengthened the conviction that a separate dynasty at Naples will always be the instrument of the national enemy. No arguments will convince G A R I B A L D I or his associates that Italy will be strengthened by the presence of internal treason and the perpetuation of disunion. A BOURBON Sovereign, pledged to follow in all respects the foreign policy of Turin, would present an absurd and purposeless anomaly. If, on the other hand, he were at liberty to follow his own judgment or inclinations, Italy, in case of difference with France or with Austria, would be placed between two fires. It may perhaps be fortunate that the unparalleled crimes of the dynasty justify a dethronement which might otherwise be harsh and unpopular. The Grand Dukes of TUSCANY had deserved far less badly of their subjects, and yet the prospect of their restoration has already become a chimera. It is highly probable that the Court of Naples may have numerous supporters among the rabble and the peasantry; but a nation is represented, not by the ignorant multitude, but by those who can think and fight for its welfare. If the STUARTS were expelled from England by an educated minority of the whole nation, the fate of the effete BOURBONS may well be determined without regard to the opinions of a portion of the mob.

Disinterested advisers desire G A R I B A L D I to interrupt his progress, because he will form a heterogeneous kingdom, and also on the ground that if he succeeds at Naples, he will find himself in front of the French at Rome and of the Austrians at Venice. It is highly probable that an Italian Parliament may not at first work smoothly, and that it may be necessary to allow prerogatives to the Crown which would be deemed unconstitutional if they were assumed in England. It will be strange if any difficulty or irregularity should be worse than the oppression and debasing cruelty which the new system of government will supersede. The Piedmontese Constitution has been faithfully preserved, though it was exposed to far more imminent danger, and a nation which has, on its own initiative, recently conquered its independence in the field, is not likely to throw away its franchises at the feet of any ruler. When the struggle is once concluded, Italians may fairly anticipate a burst of prosperity and progress surpassing that of almost any period in the history of the modern world. All their pride will be associated with the abolition of despotism; nor will they be driven, like the French, into abject submission by the fear of a democratic anarchy which they have, happily, never experienced. The dynasty which they have placed at their head owes all its splendour to the loyalty with which it has maintained internal freedom and shared the contest for national independence.

As to Rome and Venice, there is certainly reason to anticipate a further struggle; but G A R I B A L D I, who has never shown a disposition to undue rashness, may be trusted to abstain from a useless collision with the French garrison of the capital. With LAMORICIERE's mercenaries he will be fully able to deal when the remaining Papal States are enclosed on every side by the dominions of the Italian King. It is not even impossible that a future Pope, less fanatical than PIUS IX., may think a friendly understanding with his own countrymen more desirable than a transfer of the Holy See to Toledo or to Jerusalem. The Italians would pamper their Pythoness to repletion if she would consent to utter, as in the old Guelph times, patriotic responses, and

their local attachment would be a surer support than the sentimentalities of English converts, or the noisy enthusiasm of remote Irish peasants, or the precarious influence of old women at Vienna. As to the struggle with Austria, it is evident that the Quadrilateral will not be easily taken; but war may be postponed, circumstances may change, and at the worst the Italians can scarcely be less prepared for the contest when they already hold the rest of the Peninsula. In another year it will become the fashion even for official authorities in Parliament to profess a belief in the Kingdom which will probably have come into actual existence.

THE LAW REFORMS OF THE SESSION.

A BILL of three clauses, to enable the CHANCELLOR to act upon the Report of Lord LYNTHURST'S Commission on the mode of taking evidence in Chancery, is the sole substantial result of all the law-reforming zeal which was exhibited at the commencement of the session. Nothing could be more magnificent than the promises which the Ministers held out in the Speech with which the QUEEN opened the session. Bankruptcy law was to be thoroughly reformed, the tenure of land was to be revolutionized, and the extra expense and needless delay which attend the simple operation of buying an estate were to be summarily got rid of by a general registration of titles. Then the consolidation of the law, on which an unfortunate Commission has already bestowed years of ill-directed and unproductive labour, was at last to be taken in hand in earnest; and, as if this were not work enough for one year, the CHANCELLOR threw in his pet project of the abolition of his own Court, under the colour of a fusion of Law and Equity. When this ambitious programme appeared, it needed no sagacity to foresee a more or less complete failure. If there had been no Treaty and no Reform Bill—if the House of Lords had yielded in all meekness to the wild suggestions of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and the House of Commons had given itself up bound hand and foot into the hands of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL—time alone would have defeated the greater part of the projected measures. As it is, the much-needed Bankruptcy Reform has been lost because the House did not choose to take it in trust from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL without a full discussion of every one of its three hundred and odd clauses. The Bills for the consolidation of the Criminal Law have shared the same fate. The promised Conveyancing reform made even less progress than it had done under Lord DERBY, for Sir H. CAIRNS did get so far as to introduce a Bill, which Sir R. BETHELL has not found the opportunity to do. The remaining subject—the so-called fusion of Law and Equity—was vigorously grappled with; but, unluckily for Lord CAMPBELL, the Law Lords unanimously condemned the principle of his Bill, and only allowed it to pass after striking out all the clauses by which it was attempted to destroy the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery.

Amid all these wrecks, the Bill for the reform of the procedure of the Court of Chancery has escaped destruction; and though it has attracted little attention, it may prove a more solid gain to those who have the misfortune to be concerned in litigation than some of the more pretentious schemes which have met with so disastrous a fate. The great merit of the Bill is, that it proceeds on a principle diametrically opposed to that on which the Law and Equity Bill was originally framed. Both measures were directed to the removal of the same evil. After the sweeping reforms of 1852, which converted the Court of Chancery from the most dilatory to the most expeditious tribunal in the kingdom, there remained one crying grievance to which the old Commission had not the courage to apply the true remedy. The simple truth is that, by its present methods of procedure, the Court of Chancery has no means of doing justice where facts are in dispute. In the majority of cases equitable questions do not much turn upon controverted evidence. Disputes of fact, which lie at the bottom of nine-tenths of the litigation in the Common Law Courts, are comparatively rare in Courts of Equity, partly from the nature of the subjects dealt with, and partly from the great facilities for compelling a defendant to admit the truth. This is no doubt the reason why, for centuries, the Court of Chancery was content with a machinery for procuring evidence which was a disgrace to a civilized tribunal. Witnesses were examined solely on written interrogatories, and the only substitute for cross-examination was the absurd

practice of filing cross-interrogatories before it was known what answers a witness had given in his examination in chief. Many persons foresaw that the remedy which was attempted in 1852 would prove inadequate. Since that time, oral examination and cross-examination of witnesses has been allowed; but it takes place before an officer who knows nothing about the cause, and no opportunity is given to the judge who ultimately decides of observing the demeanour and testing the honesty of the witnesses on whose testimony he has to act. The result of this has been, that the Court cannot do justice in any case where a serious conflict of evidence arises.

This admitted defect of the procedure in Chancery was the ground on which the apology for the Law and Equity Bill mainly rested. It purported to effect a large transfer of jurisdiction from Courts which could not deal with facts to Courts which had brought this department of practice to considerable perfection. The vice of the Bill was, that it wholly overlooked the difficulty of transferring equitable principles to Common Law Courts, and the impossibility of working them out under the technical system of pleading which enables a man who is sued by his tradesman for an account which he cannot dispute to raise a host of false issues for the purpose of embarrassing his adversary by delay and expense. Such a machinery, applied to the nice questions which arise in Equity, would have been doubly mischievous, and it is obvious that the right way of remedying a single fault in the procedure of any Court is rather to correct its process than to take away its jurisdiction altogether.

This is what the Chancery Evidence Bill attempts to do, and there is every reason to believe that the experiment will be crowned with success. The substance of the Report agreed to by Lord LYNTHURST'S Commission, which included almost all the Law Lords, and five Equity judges, besides several eminent counsel and solicitors, may be stated in a few words. In future, whenever any party to a cause foresees a contest as to facts, he is to have the right of claiming an investigation in open Court by *voir dire* evidence before the judge who tries the cause, either with or without the assistance of a jury, as may be agreed. There was but one dissentient voice. Lord ST. LEONARDS, in a separate Report, without denying the advantage to the cause of truth which this rational mode of procedure would produce, objected to the proposal on the same ground on which the former Commissioners had hesitated to recommend it. Lord ST. LEONARDS urges, with some reason, that a Vice-Chancellor has already as much work as any human being can be expected to perform efficiently. He sits in Court from ten till four, and then, with a wearied mind, adjourns to chambers to hurry through important business which might well occupy one-half of his time. If to these duties be added the task of presiding over the examination of witnesses, and making such notes as will suffice for the guidance of a Court of Appeal, it is thought that the value of the decisions of the ablest judges may be impaired by the distraction and weariness of mind consequent on such prolonged and various occupations. The simple answer to these objections seems to be that to ascertain the truth is one of the first duties of a judge, and that, whether the task be easy or difficult, this is precisely the part of his judicial duties which he cannot safely delegate to an inferior officer. If the Equity judges are likely to be overworked, there is an easy remedy for this evil by an increase in their number; and, indeed, this step has long been called for to enable the Act of 1852 to be carried out in its integrity. The design of that Act was that all questions of a judicial character which might arise in the conduct of accounts and inquiries in chambers should be determined by the judge himself; but the impossibility of being in two places at once has compelled the Vice-Chancellors to delegate to their chief clerks a great part of the functions which properly belong to themselves. An increase in the staff of judges, so as to enable them to devote a suitable portion of their time to sitting in Chambers, is the only remedy; and, if the new method of taking evidence should hasten the time when the necessary addition shall be made to the strength of the Bench, the incidental benefit of the measure will be scarcely less than the direct advantage which it will afford in the investigation of the truth of disputed allegations. In every aspect, the Bill which has just passed promises to effect a most important improvement in the administration of justice, and goes far to redeem the barrenness of the session in other measures of Law Reform.

THE OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

WE are told that the Oxford Local Examinations have now "become an institution"—the University having been induced by their success to agree to a scheme under which the system, instead of being temporary, will become permanent, and work of itself without further reference to the University legislature. We beg leave to say that the deliberate opinion of the University has never been pronounced in the matter. No opportunity for fair discussion has been given. The enactment rendering the delegacy permanent was shuffled through with the same determination to evade fair opposition which was displayed in the original passing of the scheme. We will venture to say that many even of the resident members of Convocation, and almost all the non-residents, were ignorant that this gigantic crotchet was being imposed on them in perpetuity. The authors of the project are men of great zeal and excellent intentions, as we have more than once acknowledged. But we feel bound to say that their anxiety to carry out a plan they think extraordinarily wise and useful has made them forget that the best criterion of wisdom and utility is full discussion; and, moreover, that the University is entitled to an observance of the rules of business and of equity at their hands. We are not at all sure that it is not their misgivings as to the success of their scheme, rather than their satisfaction at its results, which leads them to drive thus violently and blindly on.

It is high time that the University should see where it is going in this matter. It ought not, without further consideration, to proceed headlong on a path which may lead directly to injustice, and ultimately to still more calamitous results. Of the injustice which is being done, the triumphant article in the *Times* to which we allude contains, upon the face of it, sufficient proof. We are informed, in comparing the results of the examination of 1860 with those of the examination of 1859, that, "if we examine the causes of failure in detail, we find reason to believe that the examination of 1860 has shown a decided and general deterioration in the quality of the elementary work, on the part, not only of the seniors, but of the juniors. Of the eighty-nine senior candidates who failed in the preliminary examination of 1859, only six were rejected as below the mark in more than two points of the preliminary work. In 1860, the number deficient in more than two points was thirty-nine. Thirty-three seniors failed in arithmetic in 1859, 26 in spelling, 12 in geography; while, in 1860, the failures were, in geography 32, in spelling 46, and, in arithmetic, no fewer than 79! The deterioration is nearly as great in the case of the juniors. In 1859, 39 junior candidates only were rejected for failing in more than two points; in 1860, the number so rejected was 82. The failures in spelling have risen from 39 to 58; and the failures in arithmetic, from 15 to 85." Does any human being believe that, in such subjects as spelling and arithmetic—the most regular and routine subjects of all—the candidates of one year can really differ from those of the next in the proportion of 39 to 58, and 15 to 85? Is it not manifest that what is described as an astonishing fluctuation in the acquirements of the candidates is really a fluctuation in the standard of the examiners, perfectly natural, but utterly fatal to the fairness of the examination? We have always predicted that such fluctuations of the standard—which are too much felt and cause too much injustice even at Oxford itself, where there is an unbroken tradition, and where teachers, pupils, and examiners form one body, and constantly influence and check each other—would pass all bounds when the examinations were extended, without any guiding tradition, to candidates dispersed over the whole country. It is idle to think that the mind of the University—supposing the mind of the University to be peculiarly apt for examining in spelling and arithmetic—can permeate this vast and disjointed mass, or be present in every examiner on the large and motley Board. This evil will be aggravated by the increased difficulty of obtaining good examiners, which, the novelty and zest of the thing being over, has already begun to be felt.

But even supposing the standard to be steady and just, we maintain that an examination of picked pupils is not a fair test as between school and school. Nothing is a fair test as between school and school but a thorough examination of the whole school, or at least of its higher classes. The tendency to cram the clever pupils for honours, and neglect the rest, is too perceptible even in upper-class

schools; it is too perceptible even in some colleges of the Universities; and in the middle-class schools it is certain to be stimulated by these "local" honours to a most injurious extent. It is all very well to tell the master of a "Commercial Academy," who is struggling for existence, and knows that a name or two in the Oxford list of local honours will be the best possible puff, that the surest way of ultimately producing first-rate excellence is to pay equal attention to the whole school, and that the nursery ground which is on the whole best cultivated will afford the finest choice of prize plants. He disregards your sage precepts and horticultural metaphors, and goes in by what he knows to be the nearest way for the prize, which, if obtained, will cover, in the eyes of his customers, all deficiencies and all neglect. One of the great obstacles to all the grand schemes of national education which are propounded is the expense; and the expense might be greatly diminished by examining specimen pupils instead of examining the school. Yet, of all the educational projectors, no one has proposed a plan which all must see to be most convenient and economical, but which all likewise see to be utterly inadequate and unfair. If the University of Oxford thinks fit to go beyond those duties towards the upper classes which it very imperfectly performs, and to take upon itself the care of middle-class education, there are two courses open to it. It may either undertake to inspect and examine all middle-class schools, or it may institute a board for certifying middle-class schoolmasters. The first of these two plans, if it were possible, would exercise a good and safe influence on schools; the second, which is perfectly feasible, and which we have repeatedly suggested, would exercise a good and safe influence on the schoolmasters. The influence exercised by the present scheme is not good or safe. It attempts to do, by a compendious method, that which is not feasible, and in the attempt it does mischief and injustice.

But, as we have said, this immediate injustice to the schoolmasters and their pupils is not all. The continuance of the system is too likely to entail social consequences of a graver kind. In the earlier stages of society, the supply of intellectual labour is below the need, and it is then safe and beneficial to draw youths by all possible inducements from manual labour and commerce to intellectual callings. But in the stage of social progress at which we have arrived, the market of intellectual labour is rather glutted, and to tempt a youth from the farm or the counter to a learned profession or literary life, with no surer proof of his intellectual capacity than a mere boyish examination can afford, and with no Fellowship, or even Exhibition, to maintain him, is to risk making him unhappy, and to expose society to the danger arising from his disappointed and soured ambition. Even at the Universities themselves, not a few lives are marred, and rendered useless or worse, by the effects of scholastic distinctions which the winner wants the talent, the spirit, or the bodily strength to sustain in after life. Yet at the Universities the intoxicating effect of academical honours and class-lists published in the newspapers is corrected by the presence of equals and superiors, and by all the influences which, in a large society, teach a man his just level and the true value of his achievements. A youth from a middle-class school who sees his name in the class-list of all England has no such correctives to keep his head cool, and may easily be led by excited vanity to make a fatal mistake in life. A perusal of the arguments put forward by the amiable authors of this scheme has satisfied us that they have not thought out the consequences of what they are doing. They are bound to do so before they hurry the University further in its present course. Otherwise, refusing to listen to reason, they, in common with many other educational enthusiasts, may perhaps be brought to a consciousness of their precipitation by grave social disasters.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

ABBEOKUTA is a name which a good many of our readers heard, we venture to say, for the first time in the last fortnight. Yet with a certain circle of the English public it has long been a household word. It is the designation of a sort of missionary-town on the west side of Africa, which furnishes some of the choicest examples of negro piety for the edification of the religious world. It has all sorts of tracts and little books written about it, and is as often alluded to from the Exeter Hall platform as Damascus or Messina on the floor of St. Stephen's. Yet most people,

as we have said, know nothing of it. The tract-writer taboos all he touches, and where the initiated read, the rest of the world keep scrupulously aloof. Some injustice is thus done to Abbeokuta and the Abbeokutans. The place is really a remarkable one. Close upon the great slave-trading and slave-hunting monarchies of Dahomey and Ashantee, a semi-civilized, semi-Christian community has been formed, wonderfully elevated above the bloody and cruel barbarism which prevails throughout these coasts. The Abbeokutans are not only a comparatively cultivated, but a very gallant little people. The missionaries, much to their credit, have fostered some of the severer virtues among their flock, as well as those graces of obedience and submission to which they are elsewhere too exclusively wedded; and, some years ago, it was under missionary encouragement that the townsmen of Abbeokuta ventured to make a stand against the late King of DAHOMEY and his brigade of Amazons, whom they defeated ignominiously.

The Dahomitan monarch who failed to take Abbeokuta is now dead, and his successor has selected it as the place which is to furnish the material part of the ceremonies at his coronation. It must be admitted that this "young and chivalrous" sovereign behaves in a thoroughly straightforward way. He does not try to out-diplomatize the Abbeokutans, "like thieves who want to cheat each other." He does not astonish the Abbeokutan Ambassador during an audience by suddenly expressing his regret that their relations are in so unpromising a state. He has no transports always ready, waiting to convey his Amazons "to Cochinchina." On the contrary, he sends a deliberate message, informing the Abbeokutans that in such and such a month, and on such and such a day of the month, he will hold a great slave-hunt in their district. Some of his captives he announces that he intends to sell, but the greater part he requires in order that they may be sacrificed in memory of his father and in honour of his own accession. He even gives an idea how many he shall want. There is no shuffling in his policy. He is not at all the man first to disclaim all wish for material aggrandizement, and then to lay his hand on a Savoy or a Nice. With honourable frankness, he states that he has built a large canoe, and dug the bed of a small lake, and that he wishes to have blood enough to fill the lake and float the canoe.

Unfortunately, there is too much reason for thinking that this open-hearted young Monarch will be as good as his word unless the Abbeokutans can contrive to thrash him as thoroughly as they did his father. There is a book in existence which shows what a Dahomitan coronation really is. Some years ago, the English naval authorities on the west coast of Africa, in their infinite simplicity, despatched Commander FORBES to Dahomey, with instructions to request the KING to give up slave-hunting and take to trading in palm-oil. The English Plenipotentiary reached the capital just when precisely the same ceremonies were being solemnized at the accession of the late KING which are about to be solemnized by his successor. The volumes which contain the story of the mission ought not to be read by anybody with a tendency to nausea, but there are few books so grimly curious. Commander FORBES found Dahomitan society entirely based upon capital punishment. Death was the sole penalty known to the law, and the sole subject of thought and conversation. The state of things was singularly like the condition of Paris during the Reign of Terror. Gentlemen joked each other habitually about the loss of their heads, and decapitation was the topic which pervaded their delicate badinage when in the company of ladies. The fine-art manufactures of Dahomey consisted exclusively of human skulls in various combinations. From the trinkets of women to the decorations of a dining-room no other ornament was known. The Ambassador must have felt the exquisite absurdity of his errand in such a place and among such a people, but he solemnly demanded an audience of the KING, and was received. His MAJESTY heard, with quiet irony of expression, the suggestion that he should begin dealing in palm-oil, and invited Captain FORBES to witness the great ceremonial of the next day. We will not attempt to epitomize the ghastly scene which was then performed, merely observing that it ended in a scramble of captives tied up in baskets who were thrown among the mob to be torn in pieces. The gloomiest imagination cannot conceive what is in store for the Abbeokutans if the KING is successful against them.

While Commander FORBES was in Dahomey, the army, male and female, was clamouring to be led against Abbeokuta. Shortly afterwards it marched, with the KING as

General, and, as we have said, was entirely defeated. There is no doubt that the Abbeokutans can do a second time what they did before, if they have only a little help and a little encouragement. What is the amount of difficulty which attends despatching a few marines from Whydah we do not venture to pronounce, but it can scarcely be as great as Mr. FORTESCUE asserted it to be the other evening. At all events, it is worth while making the effort. We are so compromised already by our proceedings on this coast, that it is idle to talk of non-intervention; and the only question is, whether assistance given to Abbeokuta will be a serious blow and discouragement to the Slave-trade. On this point little doubt exists. The force which drives the new King of DAHOMEY against Abbeokuta is not only cupidity or craving for revenge—it is also the exhaustion of his other hunting-grounds. Such are the ravages which the demand for slaves has occasioned on all the west side of Africa, that populations worth harrying can scarcely now be found. The dealer has been forced to resort to the east coast of the continent for his human ware, and it was Commander FORBES's opinion that the famous Dahomitan brigade of women-soldiers had not been formed through any genuine preference for the military qualities of the sex, but simply because the country is comparatively empty of men. A repulse of the Dahomitans at Abbeokuta, now the sole opulent and populous district in those parts, would therefore do much to paralyse the whole traffic. It may help to place the country in the only state in which the horrors now practised are likely to have an end—a state in which slaves will be obtained with so much difficulty and at so great risks, that the monarchies of Ashantee and Dahomey will have to find some other currency than human beings. If this occurs, these savage chiefs will possibly, in their insolvency, resort to the trade in palm-oil. So long, however, as slaves are to be had, there will be no legitimate traffic. There is the authority of the King of ASHANTEE that slave-hunting has become a religious institution, and that, if he attempted to suppress it, it would be at the cost of his head.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

THE most obsolete government in Europe appropriately supplies us with the only living specimen of an all-surprising Minister, mysteriously invulnerable in his absolute power in spite of public condemnation—such as we are puzzled to comprehend in the annals of former times. And, to complete the historical illustration, this Minister is invested with the fantastic anachronism of the Cardinal's purple. Antonelli is the exact counterpart of those specious jobbers in political ventures—Mazarin and Alberoni—in all the incidents which contribute to form character. Hence a striking coincidence between the ways and arts of these three adepts in cunning on behalf of a covetous passion for acquisition. Like Mazarin and Alberoni, Cardinal Antonelli springs from the lower classes, his principal fortune being an ample portion of the vigorous shrewdness proper to the Italian people, with a proportionate amount of animal passion. In the school of Roman Prelacy—the most admirable for developing the unscrupulous faculties of astuteness—Antonelli acquired the versatile charms of a dexterous demeanour ever under control, ever pleasantly pliant, ever winningly subservient to the dictates of interested desire. To a consummate mastery in the arts of craft, the prelatical education of Antonelli's powerful nature was restricted. Its practical instincts encumbered themselves as little with book-learning as with principle. When, after noiseless years of underhand pursuit, Antonelli contrived to reach power, his conduct accordingly combined the wiliest artfulness towards the fountain-heads of patronage with a cynic's contempt for public opinion and the people's rights. His policy was inspired by acute but narrow instincts, prompted by no larger views than the sordid passions of a grasping adventurer. This contrast between the vast resource of dexterity in dealing with individuals and the thoroughly grovelling purpose upon which it is expended, constitutes the distinctive feature of Antonelli's administration. By this systematic mutilation of subtle faculties he is stamped the genuine Roman Prelate—the accomplished pupil of a school that distinctly imposes only a semblance of orders for the sake of emolument, and therefore trains to a course of impious hypocrisy which instils a profligate contempt for every interest except of caste and individual profit.

The Antonelli family comes from the *Ciciaria*—the savage mountain region that skirts the eastern edge of the Pontine Marshes. Its primitive sandal-shod population is as wild and uncouth as might be expected in a province confessedly the one most neglected by a government that at its best lets things go to ruin. It is a preserve for patriarchal lawlessness. The people are wretchedly poor, but hardy, athletic, and enduring. They are ardent in passions, intensely astute, and keenly alive to every prospect of gain, which they will sedulously pursue, regardless whether it be in the paths of thrifty industry or in walks of less lawful adventure. The Cardinal's father, Domenico, participated

in all his countrymen's characteristic conditions. The child of parents at Sonnino, just one degree above that of labourers, his quickness attracted the attention of a canon in the hamlet, who was a member of the influential Ciociaro family Pellegrini. This ecclesiastic caused him to be instructed at the neighbouring school at Sezza, and continued through life his patron and protector. On the Pope's dethronement by the French, his partisans found in this remote district, with its wild inhabitants, excellent facilities for organizing a guerilla warfare against the Government. Domenico, by his patron's advice, actively took part with the equivocal bands which then infested the country, waylaying convoys, transports, and also sometimes travellers. Hence a current story of the Cardinal's father being connected with Gasperoni, also a Ciociaro, and of his having been his associate in highway robbery. The former assertion we have convinced ourselves by inquiry to be unfounded; and as to the latter, it would be an exaggeration to represent Domenico as a direct professional footpad. But he was in connexion with the bands of the time, and certainly made money at this period by illicit dealings, partly of a smuggling, and partly of a brigand nature. Having fallen into the hands of the French, he underwent sentence of death, but luckily escaped from prison the day before that appointed for his execution. On the Pope's restoration, Domenico's deeds became acts of loyalty meriting reward, which he was quick to claim. Through the protection of the canon, he insinuated himself into the favour of Cardinal Mauri and the Abbate Sala, whose influence secured to him grants and contracts in the Pontine Marshes, which rapidly enriched him at the expense of the State, and made him a man of substance. Anxious to disconnect himself from Sonnino and its ill-famed associations, Domenico settled at Terracina. When Prince Poniatowski left the Roman States, he bought his estates at Ceceano for a quarter of their value. Besides, he farmed extensively in the neighbourhood, and became the tenant, under the Ducal family of the Gaetani, of their estate at Cisterna, with a delegation of their feudal rights. An intimacy with Cardinal Dandini, Prefetto del Buon Governo, further procured for him, again to the detriment of the State, additional grants in the Marshes; so that Domenico accumulated a fortune of at least 40,000*l.*, to be divided amongst five sons and two daughters.

Two qualities distinguish the Antonelli family—an intense affection of kin, and a sleepless, hawklike instinct for gain. Through life, the members of the family have been cordial partners. Filippo, the eldest, now director of the Roman Bank, married Cardinal Dandini's niece, and embarked in speculations which were profitable, but sometimes so equivocal, that his bad reputation embarrassed, in 1847, his brother in his first strides to power. Gregorio resides at Terracina, partly occupied as an agriculturist, partly engaged in trading with Naples. Luigi lives in Rome, where his brother's influence put him for a time at the head of the municipality; while Angelo, the youngest, resides generally in Paris, where he speculates on the Stock Exchange and is prominently connected with railway enterprises. Giacomo, the third, chose the prelatical profession, involving minor orders that interpose no irrevocable obstacles against a return to secular life. It is but quite recently that he has become a deacon. No pious fervour except to cull the golden fruit he beheld glittering down the avenues of the Church, was among the motives for this step on his part. The following anecdote, which we can vouch for, aptly illustrates the Cardinal's peculiar temper of mind at that period, as also the characteristic tenacity of his desires. When the rough lad, fresh from the squalid wilderness of his Ciociaro home, first gazed with eager astonishment upon the magnificence that flashed upon his sight in the streets of Rome, one mansion on the Quirinal, embowered in luxuriant shrubberies, redolent with perfume and heaving with bright bloom, especially kindled his passionate delight as the perfection of earthly habitations. At that moment the country boy's heart swelled with the audacious hope that the profession he was about to enter might lead him far enough to become owner of this enchanting abode. The impression of this desire remained graven on his mind—the vision of this house never faded from his thoughts—and recently the Secretary of State, owner of millions and already possessor of the noblest palaces, jumped at an opportunity of at last acquiring this long-coveted property. Situated on the southern slope of the Quirinal, the stranger can easily identify it by the profusion of creepers overhanging the garden-wall into the street. Young Antonelli's artful intelligence was quickly appreciated. Of learning, indeed, he acquired absolutely none of any kind. Of history he is quite ignorant, and, as to divinity, he has probably never studied a page, except what he could not avoid reading in a breviary during services which self-interest obliged him grudgingly to attend. But these deficiencies Antonelli understands how to make good by an admirable quickness in appropriating the knowledge of other men. Every one bears testimony to his ease of comprehension and charm of manner. His first important post was as Delegate of Viterbo, where he won the approbation of his employers by a signal act of perfidy. Cholera having visited the town, the alarm at its contagion caused riots. Those most compromised escaped across the Tuscan frontier, and amongst them the Gonsalviere's son. Antonelli comforted the distressed father with the assurance that the fugitives might return in all safety. Probably he was really disposed to ignore a thoughtless act. But Cardinal Lambruschini, the imbecile Minister of the decrepit Gregory XVI., fumed for vengeance upon these fancied Carbonari. Antonelli accordingly hastened to propitiate

his favour by turning his pledge into a snare, and, having arrested the fugitives, condemned them to ten years' imprisonment. His zeal was rewarded by promotion to Macerata. Here, as also at Viterbo, Antonelli contrasted favourably with the average run of Papal Governors by his intelligent activity and agreeable demeanour. He was as generally popular a magistrate as a Pope's officer could be with a highly educated population, though the strength of his passions hurried him into indulgences that somewhat scandalously compromised the gravity of his character, and connected his name with family quarrels of public notoriety.

Returned to Rome, he became Lambruschini's Under-Secretary in the Home Department, although keenly alive to his pitiful character. In a moment of confidential sincerity, Monsignor Antonelli exclaimed, that the only faculty he could find to admire in his chief was his being able to talk incessantly without speaking a word of truth. In this office Pius IX. found Antonelli, with a reputation for ability and enlightenment, and this impression was confirmed by his decided adherence to the Pope's reforming efforts. Intimately aware of the incapacity of the Roman Prelates, Antonelli speculated upon the dearth of men combining talent with the requisite ecclesiastical position; and therefore he allied himself with the Liberal party, which also was glad of the co-operation of a man of his distinction. He presided over the first Commission of Investigation issued, and then became Minister of Finance, although with sincere repugnance, for he dreaded the risk of reputation in dealing with what was considered the vital difficulty of the Pontifical Government. In the Consulta, Antonelli acted steadily with the leading reformers, and, as member of the Commission to draw up a Constitution, he was of those who counselled an extension of the franchise beyond the limit originally indicated. This consistency made him the representative of clerical Liberalism, and, as such, having been raised to the purple, he became Secretary of State in the first Constitutional Cabinet. From this moment a secret change came over his tactics. The first arduous point being attained, he now strove to secure his position so as to compass from it other objects. Antonelli had satisfied himself that the movement of the day would end in confusion, and therefore he resolved to make himself, to his own great profit, the pivot for coming reaction. Official position facilitated his efforts to concert measures with foreign Courts. It was, however, necessary to bring the Pope into moral subjection, for, being a monk by nature and education, and conscientiously scrupulous upon the score of morality, he might have been supposed averse to a prelate like Antonelli; besides which a constitutional impotence renders him at once hasty and vacillating in resolutions. Unnoticed by politicians, Antonelli revived the obsolete household dignity of Prefetto dei Sacri Palazzi, which entails close intercourse with the Sovereign—compelling even residence under the same roof with him. Having gained this post to watch the Pope and those about him, Antonelli successfully devoted himself to captivate the Pontiff—already sadly troubled. No impetuosity ever wounded his little conceits, and the most studied attention was lavished to coax his vanity into confidence. The first indication of Antonelli's influence was the Allocution of the 29th of April, 1848, when the Pope condemned the war of independence, after having sanctioned the despatch of his troops. For a few days the Ministers deferred their resignation, on the Pope's assurance that he would correct what he called the erroneous impression of his words by an energetic proclamation; but when the paper proved unsatisfactory, they resigned in a body, including the Cardinal. Yet he had not only instigated the Allocution, but, as we have reason to know, had arbitrarily assumed to alter the wording of the Pope's second declaration.

Antonelli now disappeared from responsible office until he again emerged at Gaeta. Burrowing in the unsuspected obscurity of his household dignity, he made himself the companion and assiduous comforter of the Pontiff—his confidant and ready assistant in little plans; and as anarchy grew, the Prefetto dei Sacri Palazzi cunningly chuckled, especially when Rossi's murder freed him from the one man he dreaded, and brought matters to a climax. Antonelli, with the Bavarian Minister, contrived the Pope's flight to Gaeta. There, stunned by the impression of his failures, and by the rebukes of diplomacy for his foolish initiative, the humiliated Pontiff bowed to the cunning spell of the Cardinal's clear, sly, steady sagacity, and Antonelli again became Secretary of State. From that moment he absorbed the whole power of the State into his own hands as completely as if the Pope had formally abdicated. It is the best proof of Antonelli's gigantic craft, that he has understood so thoroughly how to humour the Pope's morbid vanity. The most successful device to which he has had recourse has been to supply ample occupation to the Pope's theological whims. Hence the concurrence of the very positive, if not sceptical, Secretary of State in the establishment of the English hierarchy, the decree of the Immaculate Conception, and the perpetual beatifications. They are the toys he has tossed to the Pontifical child whom he has taken in guardianship. The purlieus of the Vatican, always prolific in intrigue, have naturally been incessantly fermenting with little conspiracies against him, without, however, ever really endangering the Cardinal's position. With exquisite dexterity he has put his enemies out of the field, browbeating those whom he could not win by bribes; for Antonelli's glib and supple nature contains within it the savage ferocity of his race, while on State occasions it understands how to drape itself to perfection in the austere arrogance of ecclesiastical haughtiness. Besides, he has expanded his privi-

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leges as Prefetto dei Sacri Palazzi into those of a Maire du Palais. Even Cardinals and Roman Princes have been deprived of their right of immediate access to the Pope. The assiduity of this jailer's vigilance over the Sovereign is equalled by Antonelli's assiduity in his office. His wiry frame never requires recreation, and his exercise is confined to the flights of stairs between his apartments and the Pope's. If he leaves the Vatican it is only on State occasions, or to visit his mother—a simple peasant woman, to whom he is most attached. All day long till deep into the night the Cardinal is to be found in his apartments, accessible to all, and receiving every one with charming affability. But no one, however forewarned, except after experience, will be sufficiently on his guard against the deceitfulness of that ingenious, playful, simple manner of giving assurances which it is never intended to keep, and statements knowingly without one grain of truth.

The power thus concentrated by Antonelli has been applied to the most selfish purpose. No law, no measure, no single work of public improvement marks his eleven years administration. The State has been squeezed to yield a fortune for the Cardinal and his family. While no railroads and no highways have been made, the public money has been squandered on enlarging the utterly useless harbour of Terracina, because it affords facilities for embarking grain from the adjoining Antonelli estates. By patent jobbery of every kind the Antonelli family has been enriched, promoted to profitable dignities, and lately ennobled. Here the Cardinal has for once forgot his usual circumspection. The peasant's passion for territorial possession has hurried him into an injudicious display of property. The popular belief in his rapacity has been mainly spread by the sight of his conspicuous palaces in Rome. It is difficult to estimate the Cardinal's pluralities, they are so numerous and so scattered. The last trophy of his avidity is the librarianship of the Vatican, —a nomination the incongruity of which has embarrassed even the sycophants of Rome. In other respects, the Cardinal, although a sensualist, indulges in none of the elegant magnificence that has distinguished some Roman Prelates. The Ciociaro love of hoarding is too strong upon the family to let it launch into expense, and in its style of living it is still the slipshod peasant household. The Cardinal's only decided taste is for precious stones, and he is fond of showing his collection. One day a friend, in the course of conversation, took up some snuff-boxes, presents from Royal persons, which, set with jewels, were lying upon the Cardinal's table, when he handed him from a drawer a box filled with diamonds. "But, Eminence," exclaimed the former, "what makes you collect these jewels?" "Don't you see," replied the Cardinal, "that if matters went wrong, all I should have to do is to slip such a box in my pocket, and I carry my fortune safe away with me." This involuntary observation thoroughly illustrates the spirit of Antonelli's administration. From his mountains he came down with the grasping instincts of an adventurer in search of booty, and with the unprincipled greed of such an adventurer he has worked the State which he contrived cunningly to filibuster. And the Pope, who at first quailed at heart under the irresistible spell of his sly superiority, has now been fondled by his insidiousness into a condition of blissful helplessness. Antonelli is now fairly unassailable from within. The intense resentment of Pius IX. at the sacrilegious treachery of Louis Napoleon has made him ignorantly interpret the remonstrances of French diplomacy against Antonelli into conclusive proof of his excellence. But how comes it that Antonelli, with his interested cunning and complete absence of mystic enthusiasm, should doggedly persist in a stubborn policy evidently destructive of the hen that lays his golden eggs? Other Cardinals have counselled terms, but he has, with extraordinary composure, discountenanced the slightest disposition to obviate danger by concessions. Possibly, though he has no deep feeling of religion, his uneducated intellect has contracted the superstition of Rome in the invulnerability of St. Peter's bark. Yet the prospect of martyrdom must have something very chilling to a man whose anxiety to guard against poverty makes him invest in diamonds. Has he, then, been suddenly demented, so as to be blind to the perils of the hour? Cardinal Antonelli's imperturbable assurance reposes upon a shrewd calculation. He confides in the continuance of the French garrison, and the French Emperor's necessity to preserve the Pope and his Court from personal spoliation; and as that will extend protection to his private acquisitions, he is perfectly content to abide the result of complications fraught with danger only to the Papacy.

SENTIMENTAL WRITING.

THERE is nothing which so much offends against the taste of an educated gentleman as second-rate sentimentalism. There is nothing, on the other hand, so refreshing as to be able to betake ourselves, from the specimens of it that are so common now-a-days, to the works of those great sentimental humourists whose pages appear as fresh as ever, despite all the years which separate us from them. Placed by their side, the efforts of most of our modern writers seem nothing more than sorry tricks for drawing tears which ought never to be drawn, and raising within us emotions frequently disproportionate to—frequently unworthy of—the occasion. If, indeed, ephemeral success were the true test of literary excellence, our modern authors might be considered consummate artists. It is something, no doubt, to be able

to touch the hearts of a great number of one's fellow-creatures. Popular sentimentality, like popular preaching, is a proof of a certain power. But a popular sentimentalist stands to the true master of his art as a rhetorician to a true orator. He affects us, perhaps, and powerfully affects us, but we repent the next moment that we have been conquered by an artifice, and are justly indignant with him and with ourselves. When Mr. Thackeray sighs over his youth as it seems to slip away from him, when Mr. Dickens drops a tear over a consumptive infant's grave, we sigh with the one and we mourn with the other; for both have a charm with which they fascinate us, and are proficient in the science of softening unwary souls. But we close the book with a feeling that we have been betrayed into a weakness. We blush as we lay it down, for we are conscious that, so far as we have been moved, it has been at the sacrifice of some slight portion of self-respect. When the fit has passed, we take it up again, and wonder at the slightness of the pathos that so stirred us, and, if we are tempted again to succumb, we steel ourselves against the hallucination. This is but the music of the Sirens, we say—let us close our ears.

That a writer succeeds in touching us is, then, no proof that he is a real artist. Many passions and affections agitate a man which are either intrinsically bad or absolutely spurious. Much painting that seems pathetic enough is not real painting, has no permanent truth, and loses its force when the influence which overcame us is exhibited in its true colours. Few things are more thoroughly an index of a cultivated mind than the way in which it is able to master itself in the presence of fictitious sentiment, and to distinguish it from genuine. Self-control is as valuable an element in mental as it is in moral strength. It is less the gift of nature than of habit. It comes to us after a course of discipline and training, and is not acquired on a sudden. Just as an unformed moral character is swayed to and fro by gusts of passion which would never for one moment ruffle a strong man, an unformed taste is at the mercy of the first pathetic mannerist who practises upon it. Indeed, the connexion between moral and intellectual weakness is considerable. We may be sure that the man who is so lightly influenced by fictitious sorrow has some great feebleness at bottom. He who is affected over much at the sight of alien passion is likely to be passionately tossed himself by little passions. This inferior sentimentalism is of two kinds—it is either excessive in degree, or absolutely bad. Either it affects us in an improper way, or it affects us when we ought not to be affected at all. The false sentimentalist is so full of his subject that he forgets the dignity of his readers, who, if they are men, will not choose to be more than dignified spectators of the most mournful drama. He is unmanned himself, and wishes them to be unmanned as well. Perhaps he chooses a theme which, compared with the great realities around us, is so trivial or unsubstantial that it does not deserve to be invested with pathos. Looking on life, he is quite overwhelmed at the thought of all its little sorrows. He has the familiarity to ask us to let ourselves be overwhelmed too. Perhaps he asks for more feeling than we are lawfully entitled to give, and then he tries to wring it from us by surprise. Yet why should we yield to a prodigality of sentiment in the case of others, which reason and self-control would prohibit were the case our own? It is true the author does what he does on a plea which at first seems plausible. He bases his appeal on the argument of our common humanity. *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.* This is the text which he rides, so to speak, to death.

It is true that we have all much in common; but what we have most in common is this—that we are all isolated. Man is more than a combination of passions common to his kind. Beyond them and behind them, an inner life, whose current we think we know within us, flows on in solitary stillness. It lies deep beneath all flashes on the surface. Just as the fancy of men in dreams traverses earth and heaven but cannot get away from one heavy weight—the presence of a self, of a centre round which all revolves—so is the solitude of self the only tangible idea we can assign to it. Habits change, convictions alter, even tastes die away. But the soul, by a mysterious exercise of its own vitality, moves on from phase to phase, from gloom to sunshine, from faith to weakness, from activity to repose. Friendship itself has nothing in common with this dark sensibility, so repellent and so forbidding—much less may a stranger penetrate to these untrodden shores. It is to this feeling of individuality that the highest art appeals; and therefore the pleasure that we take in it is a painful pleasure. It is pleasant, because it reaches to the hidden springs of our nature—it is painful, because the sense of these hidden springs is bitter.

This consciousness of separation from the world—this conviction, not only of our own, but of other men's dignity—true sentimentalism conciliates. A great sentimentalist knows the feeling himself, and respects it in others. He is not hail-fellow-well-met with us over his grief. He does not wish that we should do more than listen to his story as grave strangers listen to a melancholy history. A great writer comes, and with a touch of his genius shows us the whole world as kin. Does he try to break down the natural barriers between us and it? On the contrary, he recognises to the full the great fact of our necessary isolation. But he shows us that we have this in common with the rest—that we are all isolated. He touches a chord which renders us sensible that our fellow-men have an individuality like ours, and that none of the many hearts that beat around us is without its secret

sanctuary. There is nothing obtrusive or profane in his pathos. He does not offend us by insisting that his hero's griefs are to affect us more than our own would. He does not try to make us weep at a child's death, or forget ourselves in the sorrows of a courtesan. He handles us more delicately, with more reserve, with more consideration. Perhaps he takes an iron hard-cast man, and by some profoundly human touch, some turn of a sentence, or some fine and exquisite revelation, he shows us, or suggests to us, that in this man lies a hidden life—mysteries of tenderness and weakness of which we know nothing, and over which true reverence will draw a veil. As he does not subordinate too much the individuality of his readers to his characters, so neither will he subordinate the individuality of any of his characters too much to that of the hero. He feels that each is a being orb'd and rounded in himself. In Shakspeare we understand that Hamlet may die, but that the earth will go on nearly as well without him—Young Fortinbras will be the new King of Denmark—the Ambassadors will return to England—and Horatio and Marcellus keep watch and ward again some night before the castle, and have their tales to tell, in their old age, of what they have seen. And, though Othello and Desdemona lie dead side by side, yet we have a distant view of Iago tortured and Gratiano enriched; and in the far background we catch a glimpse of the Senate waiting to hear the news. And justly so, for Gratiano is a man no less than Othello, and so is Ludovico, and so are the senators; and we who watch the passion of the plot are men like them; and, though we are spectators, and sad spectators, of the tragedy, we are not to be completely absorbed in it, but to stand aloof and to look on the scene as the Oceanitides looked on the sufferings of Prometheus. For it is worthy of remark that great dramatists never allow us to fall into such abandonment of emotion as to forget that our central position is not that of actors, but of spectators. Over and above the lifelike humanity which they gravely throw into each part, and which makes us see that each actor has his own point of view from which the drama may be witnessed, they continually remind us—by the introduction of some strange and quaint figure in the background, a clown perhaps, or a gravedigger, who stands like a cloaked and independent observer of the play—that all human interest is not exhausted in the interest of the action. So far from seeking to rob us of our individuality, they are for ever recalling us to a sense of it.

Thus, a true sentimentalist is, above all things, a true gentleman. He does not presume upon his opportunity. We do not feel inclined, when we are with him, to say, "Stand back!—a little further off!—more ceremony!" He consults our sensitiveness—our pride—if we choose to call it so. He does not take it for granted that we are all to be friends over a funeral—or that he is to hob and nob with us because we are inclined to be sad. There is no objectionable familiarity in Shakspeare or in Sterne. We are not called upon to be on intimate terms with Hamlet, or even with Falstaff, or with Corporal Trim. They are all like the portraits in an old picture-gallery—silent and reserved men at bottom, whatever expression their features may assume, whether merry or mournful. In the midst of the wildest gaiety or the deepest grief, though we may partake to an infinite degree in their humour, we know that we are strangers after all. We take no liberties with them, and they take no liberties with us. But when Mr. Dickens is pert, or Mr. Thackeray arch, we think, and think rightly, that we have some cause to be indignant. The great cause why modern humour and modern sentimentalism repel us is, that both are unwarrantably familiar.

SURGEON AT HOME.

IN one of the debates on the City Churches Bill, it was intimated that the cause of the emptiness of the City churches was the melancholy fact that not one of the incumbents could preach. Mr. Locke said—apparently expressing the general sentiment of the House of Commons—"If clergymen were appointed who could not preach, of course people would not go to hear them; but if popular preachers were put into the City churches, then of course," &c. &c. Harping on the same string, Mr. Locke again observed, "We thought some attempt might have been made by the Bishop to find clergymen whose preaching would attract congregations. If Mr. Spurgeon at Exeter Hall attracted full congregations"—why, then, the inference was irresistible. But as Mr. Cubitt, who, being an alderman, must be an especial judge in the matter, appropriately reminded the House, "There are fifty-eight churches in the City, and it would be impossible to find fifty-eight Spurgeons to fill them." Quite impossible, observes the Home Secretary; "it would be chimerical to expect that there should be fifty-eight popular preachers in the City." The suppressed equation, 58 popular preachers = 58 Spurgeons, was evidently in Sir George Lewis' mind.

We may assume, then, that, as the House of Commons is a fair exponent of the sense and nonsense of English opinion, it is generally believed and felt that, if every pulpit in London were occupied by the like of Mr. Spurgeon, religious morality and public convenience and the general fitness of things would be considerably advanced by it. Neither Mr. Locke nor Alderman Cubitt nor the Home Secretary are positive fools, and yet they have committed themselves to the position that, if we had fifty-eight Spurgeons alive and preaching, it would be a social gain.

As to Mr. Spurgeon, we have never said that he was below the system which he represents. We have always said that he was much above it, that he really had powers, and that if he were ever utterly ruined, it would be by his friends—that probably he never talked half the nonsense that was attributed to him—and that when he did, his taste and sense of propriety revolted at the tricks he was obliged to play. What we mean is that the man is above his miserable system. What his House of Commons friends and people generally think is, that the system is a good one, and that the popular, advertising-van style of pulpit eloquence is the right thing to encourage. What that system is, and to what it leads a clever person like Mr. Spurgeon, we can judge from his last exhibition to raise the wind for his new Tabernacle. And as this is the sort of thing we are told that we ought to expand to at least the fifty-eighth power for the spread of the Gospel in London—and this on the authority of Parliament men—it is just as well to see to what Spurgeonism comes when it has its full swing and is in the spring-tide of success.

On Tuesday last, "a meeting was held in Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle to render thanks for the success which has attended the erection of the building." We quote a report, evidently "communicated," which we find in one of the penny papers. This meeting was of the most comic character, and Mr. Spurgeon evidently intends to occupy the blank created by the death of Mr. Albert Smith. Spurgeon's Continental Tour is destined to be the legitimate successor of Albert Smith's Mont Blanc. Already he has distanced Mrs. German Reed and Mrs. Howard Paul; and we should say, though we cannot speak from personal knowledge, that Mr. Spurgeon, if he cultivates his facetious gifts, must soon be a formidable rival to Chief Baron Nicholson himself. "To render thanks," then, was the object of the meeting. To render thanks is a somewhat serious matter—to render thanks is, if we understand the phrase, to make a direct address of praise and adoration to that Almighty God whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Mr. Spurgeon's mode of rendering thanks is peculiar. It consisted, at least on Tuesday night, in delivering a "lecture on his recent Continental Tour." He thanks God by firing bad jokes at other people's religion, and detailing his feelings at the sight of the Alps, and what he saw in the shop-windows at Antwerp. This Continental tour of Mr. Spurgeon was a good stroke of business. Like astute King Henry IV., he felt that it was policy to keep his presence fresh and new; and he also knew that he could make considerable capital out of the tour. On Tuesday night he made his first appearance on his own stage; and before the lecture began he delivered an occasional prologue, or, as his own report styles it, a preliminary speech. Here he developed fine business talents. To complete the Tabernacle, 8000*l.* is wanted—5500*l.* upon the contract, and 2500*l.* for extras. Having entrapped 2000 people to hear his Continental lecture, "Mr. Spurgeon announced that he would not begin till 1000*l.* had been collected"—an ingenious mode of raising the wind, but a sad plagiarism from the street acrobats. We think we have heard of it before. "Twopence more, and up goes the donkey!" However, Mr. Spurgeon was obliged to begin to a house of 900*l.* The donkey went up when the hat was tolerably full; but the sum collected was so very near the suggested figure that we smell a little bit of collusion. In order to kill time before the lecture came off, Mr. Spurgeon had provided some small stars to twinkle and sparkle a little before the audience—foils for the leading actor—a few squibs and rockets by way of prelude to the great concerted piece of the evening—some "clerical" nobodies from the neighbourhood just to enhance the splendour of the entrance of the great comedian himself—a *lever du rideau* before the piece of the evening—some *hors d'œuvres* and *entremets* just to tickle the palate before the haunch was served. The meeting was addressed "by the Rev. Hugh Allen in a speech of some length"—the Rev. Hugh Allen being the rector of the parish, and who, as sober people think, had better been in his own church. This is the facetious divine whose farewell sermon at Whitechapel—"Farewell St. Jude's—farewell East of London," &c. &c.—we chronicled at the time of its publication. "The Rev. Dr. Campbell next delivered a very humorous speech," and the Rev. Jonathan George fired off a religious pun or two with some success. Even of this preliminary fun, Mr. Spurgeon, however, as reported at least, took the chief part. And while we regret to say that we have no specimen of the humorous oration of Dr. Campbell, and that we are left to the conviction that "Hugh Allen," as he is familiarly called by Mr. Spurgeon, was worthy of himself, his sober and dignified reputation, and the occasion, we may estimate the general character of the jokes by one or two of Mr. Spurgeon's own. "He would say a few words about the structure. If his unbaptized brethren on the platform were to fall through the floor, they would find themselves in the baptistry. There was no water in it now, but whenever any of them wanted, in obedience to their Master's command, to be immersed, he would be glad to be their humble servant. (Laughter.)" After this seemingly and appropriate joke on the very cardinal doctrine of his denomination, let off so early in the evening, any amount of droll irreverence was to be expected as the evening advanced, and the fun grew fast and furious. The substantial state of the building suggested to Mr. Spurgeon the religious and witty thought—of which the gist for some time escaped us—"that the Baptist denomination was, in a double sense, rich in good works," meaning, we suppose, workmanship.

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Mr. Spurgeon, keeping the pot boiling, as the boys say, went off at a strong pace of sustained jokery, when he proceeded to state that "he would have no towers unless any of his brethren wished to hang him upon them"—a piece of grim and dreary facetiousness which seems (to use a witticism quite equal to Mr. Spurgeon's, whose fun is infectious) to have hung fire; for we can make neither head nor tail of it. The drollery, however, and the irreverence, were about equally balanced in the whole of this prologue. For example, when Mr. Spurgeon remarked that "the ground had been as much given to them by the Lord as if an angel had come down from heaven and cleared it," he must have thought that his hearers had forgotten the financial statement, which reported that 5000*l.* had been paid for the purchase of the site to the freeholder.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Spurgeon, having squeezed out 96*ol.* from the house, delivered his narrative. As in our previous extracts, we avail ourselves of the reports in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times*—each, curiously enough, supplying gaps in the other. As in the case of the late Mr. Albert Smith—evidently his model throughout the evening's performance—Mr. Spurgeon's entertainment commenced on board the Antwerp packet. "The captain was an Essex man, and one of the cream of creation." He (Mr. Spurgeon) was an Essex man himself. (Laughter.) The infinitesimally small character of this preliminary jest and the intense gratification with which it was received by the audience, shows on what good terms with themselves and each other the jester and his friends were. We can only ponder in dull difficulty what the joke was—whether it was the modesty of the suppressed inference that, as the captain was cream, so Spurgeon was *crème de la crème*; or whether the fun consisted in some accompanying gesture and a merry chuckle of that queer face which the reporters could not reproduce; as much as to say, "Captain and I are both Essex men—not Essex calves either." "Antwerp was full of Virgin Marys. This captain had told him of a sailor who had been sent to buy tobacco at Antwerp, and, when he came back, he said he got it at a shop over the door of which the Virgin Mary was seated smoking her pipe. (Laughter.)" Now, that Mariolatry, as it is called, does prevail in Belgium, is a fact worthy both of mention, and, in a proper way, of regret, or even of reprobation; but for a person who calls himself a Christian minister to suggest this disgusting image of one whom we believe a certain book calls "Blessed for all generations," smoking her pipe, is a piece of gross indecency, not to say of absolute blasphemy, which we shall not characterize. Even poor Hood might have taught this Caliban of the pulpit-platform a lesson:—

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home
 Far distant Catholics to rail and scold,
 For doing as the Romans do at Rome?
 People who hold such absolute opinions
 Should stay at home in Protestant dominions.

But, as is the case with most public lecturers, the thing would not be complete without an indelicate and uncalled-for protest against indecency—a holy leer and smutty lamentation over naughtinesses and nastinesses. Mr. Spurgeon "did not think the Roman religion had much influence on the morality of the people; for he observed in a shop-window, near the Cathedral, articles which he dared not mention, but they were horribly indecent." And horribly indecent, we beg to add, was Mr. Spurgeon's allusion to them—quite as indecent, and, under the circumstances, ten times as culpable as, and perhaps more mischievous than, even the sale and exhibition of the articles at Antwerp. "He blushed to recollect them;" but he did not blush to allude to them in the presence of two thousand persons, many of whom must have been women and youths, of whom not a few will be set guessing and inquiring about Mr. Spurgeon's "horribly indecent articles," and most likely exaggerating their indecency—innocent persons who will of course be enlightened, but who, except for this indecent allusion, would have remained in ignorance of the Antwerp improprieties. To connect these articles with the religion of Belgium is a suggestion as rational and charitable as to make Mr. Spurgeon responsible for Holywell-street and its wares.

Mr. Spurgeon's Continental experiences were diversified, and his inquiries—if not his experiences—personal, and minute also. Indeed, we have often remarked this peculiarity in religious people, that they absolutely get to know more of the *nefanda* and *tacenda* of immorality than common travellers. Sober people who are not on the look-out for vice pass through Paris or Vienna without increasing their stock of improper knowledge; but if you want the statistics of the *lupanaria* and the gaming-table, go to the moral and religious traveller. We have, on another occasion, told the story of the American divine who saw Epsom Races by accident. Mr. Spurgeon "went to the gaming-table at Baden, which he described with considerable minuteness;" and his familiarity with the details of the management of theatres and concert-rooms suggests that he was neither an unfrequent nor uninterested visitor of them.

We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Spurgeon in the social, political, and topographical reflections, so witty and so wise, which suggested themselves by his Continental tour—how his manly heart burned at seeing women at work in the field, a sight never to be seen in his native Essex or on the heavy Midland

clays—how he thinks that, if the Emperor invaded Belgium, he would at once subjugate it—how at Cologne (not at Boulogne, as the *Times* has it) he recalled "Albert Smith's saying about its eighty-three stinks," which great authority, Mr. Spurgeon's guide, philosopher, and friend, Albert Smith, only borrowed it from Coleridge, who particularized "two and seventy stenches." Nor have we time to allude to how "he preached in the Cathedral of St. Peter at Geneva" (which he forgot to say is only a Calvinistic meeting-house) "in full canonicals—but he did not feel happy in them, and only put them on in deference to the wishes of his friends"—or to ask "his feelings on first seeing the Alps and Chamouni," whether they were the same as Mr. Albert Smith's. Nor shall we say how this droll and reverend pilgrim visited Venice, and promises a lecture on the Adriatic Queen which will take the shine out of Mr. Ruskin. We hurry to his tag—the crowning joke of the evening, the final fizz with which the splendid display of fireworks concluded. "He advised his friends—who had spare money after the chapel was paid for—to make a tour on the Continent; it would not cost much; and if they did not feel their brains growing on both sides of their head by what would meet their eyes, then he really thought they had not many brains to show." (Laughter.)

Certainly, if Mr. Spurgeon's brains have grown at this rate since he left England, and if by their growth he has developed so much indecency and bad jokes, a Continental tour is a thing to be very seriously thought over. If these are its results—and if, after all this, Mr. Alderman Cubitt thinks Mr. Spurgeon "a model minister"—we can only say, that happy are the sheep who slumber under the fifty-eight hum-drum sticks of the fifty-eight City churches.

THE SYRIAN DESPATCHES.

THE latest number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a short sketch of the present state of Syria, written by a French Protestant missionary a few days before the massacre of Damascus. The character of his religious convictions exonerates him from all suspicion of a tendency to magnify the virtues of the Maronites as contrasted with their fierce opponents; and his remarks upon the religious intolerance of the Zahleh Jesuits show that he is able to appreciate the fanaticism of Christians as well as of Turks. Most of those who have forwarded to friends in Europe local narratives of the events that have taken place in the last few months, appear deeply convinced of the guilt and complicity of the Turkish officials. The writer of the letter in the *Revue* speaks most strongly on this subject. Druses and Maronites he regards as simple peasants, who might easily be kept in tolerable order by a firm hand. Had the Pashas of Damascus and Beyrout been desirous of preventing both parties from purchasing in those two towns arms and powder for mutual extermination, and kept a couple of thousand men ready on a moment's notice to march into the mountains at the first alarm, peace might have been preserved. "Sauf quelques gros mots, quelques horions échangés, la paix n'eût pas été autrement troublée, et chacun se fût occupé de moissonner ses orges, ou de fumer sa pipe le soir, entouré des siens, sous sa vigne et son figuier."

Whether the recent disturbances are to be traced immediately to the aggression of Druses upon Maronites, or of Maronites upon Druses, is a matter of very little moment. In a vendetta subsisting between half-savage clans whose creed and origin are different, it is hardly worth while balancing the respective claims of each to have been the first assailed. Lord Palmerston pronounces in favour of the Druses, and he is an authority so good as at present to be unanswerable. It may be true that the Maronites have been supplied with arms from certain quarters in Europe, to which it is impossible to allude by name. But the state of Syria is such that, if the Maronites had not provoked the Druses, the Druses might very likely have provoked the Maronites. The real cause of all the ruin and catastrophe is not to be found in an exceptional outrage on the part of this or that tribe. It is rather to be traced to the chronic state of animosity between them, which, fostered by bad government in the Pashaliks, rendered an outbreak always possible, and sooner or later inevitable. We want to know how and by whom the train was laid, not whose was the miserable hand that fired it. Whose fault is it that the gunpowder was there? It matters little from what quarter came the casual spark that precipitated the explosion.

In the latest addition to the papers which have been laid before Parliament upon the subject, will be found a letter from Mr. Cyril Graham to Lord Dufferin, briefly summing up the events that had taken place up to the middle of July last. Mr. Graham has the reputation of being a distinguished Orientalist. He is acquainted with the language, the population, and the topography of Syria. He was selected by the Consul-General at Beyrout to be the bearer of their ultimatum to the Druse chiefs in the Lebanon, to whom he is personally known. He seems to entertain a strong opinion that the Turks are implicated themselves in what has taken place. In the rich village of Hadad, near Beyrout, he has had reason to believe that the Turkish soldiers fired upon the flying Christians. It is now established beyond all doubt that Öthman Bek, the envoy and creature of Ahmed Pasha, Governor of Damascus, not only connived at, but contrived the massacre at Hasbeya. Of the slaughter and ill-

usage of women on that occasion, Mr. Graham thinks the Druses innocent. These atrocities were the work of Turks and Moslems solely, and many women assured him that the Turkish soldiers had taken their children, one leg in each hand, and torn them in two. The Emir Shehab and his family fell victims, not to the ferocity of the Druses, for he and his house were true Moslem believers, but to the personal vindictiveness of the Governor of Damascus. Sidon, on the first of June, was attacked and plundered, not by Druses, but by Moslems and by Bashibazouks. The arrival of troops which had been despatched by Kirschid Pasha to Zahleh, was the signal for its immediate destruction, and in the *mélée* which succeeded, the Government soldiers themselves turned upon the wretched population that they pretended to protect. The Governor of Deir el Kammar in person threw open the gates to the beleaguered hordes that had surrounded the town, and with his own lips gave the word for the murder of every male in the place. The fugitives that entered the serai for refuge, where four hundred Turkish troops were stationed, perished to a man by the hands of the garrison on which they relied. Those that escaped to Buddin were shot down on their entry by the regiment quartered there. A second butchery at Sidon was only prevented by the chance arrival of European men-of-war. The authorities themselves had already disarmed the Christians, and permitted armed bands of Moslems and Druses to take up their position within the walls. And, whatever crimes they may have committed in many parts of the Lebanon, for the awful bloodshed at Damascus that followed shortly after, and the details of which are familiar to the public, the Druses, at all events, are less to blame than the Moslem population. No precautions were adopted by the rulers of that town to check or to anticipate a catastrophe which, after the occurrences elsewhere, every resident felt to be imminent. Damascus for some time back had been seated on a mine. A fanatical *éméute* would have broken out in that city once before, soon after the news of the tragedy at Jeddah, had it not been that the news of its bombardment by the English arrived but one day later. Yet, in spite of their knowledge of the temper of the Mussulmans in their town, the Governor and his friends allowed the tumultuous bands that were wandering over into neighbouring districts to enter freely with arms in their hands. Othman Bek, the slaughterer of women and children at Hasbeya, was received at Damascus, on his return, with the honours that are usually accorded to triumphant conquerors. And in the terrible secesses that ensued, Ahmed Pasha showed himself, if not an active co-operator, at least a cowardly and voluntary accomplice.

The despatches from European agents in Syria, among which Mr. Cyril Graham's narrative occupies a prominent place, fully corroborate all that has been said above. There is not a particle of proof to show that the local Turkish authorities were impotent to repress the late bloody disturbances. Even at Beyrout, under the very eyes of five European Consuls, they remained passive to the last. They made no attempts to punish the authors of a single outrage. The forces they sent at intervals to the various theatres of action were participants everywhere in the plunder and the bloodshed. Before we come to the conclusion that the Turkish authorities are weak, we should satisfy ourselves that they are not guilty. A theory has been put forward to account for the Syrian massacres which is founded upon their weakness. It is said that the miserable government of the Sultan finds itself unable to rule the rude tribes of the Lebanon by ordinary means, and from motives of policy is inclined to play one off against the other. "Le grand secret de la politique Turque a toujours été," says M. Jules Ferretti, "de battre les uns par les autres, et surtout de temporiser. Les Arabes, qui ont eu le temps d'étudier le caractère de leurs oppresseurs, disent proverbialement que le Sultan fait la chasse aux gazelles sur une âme boiteuse." We do not think that this theory is borne out by the Parliamentary papers before us. If it had been proved that the Turkish officers endeavoured to restrain their men, or had fallen themselves before the fury which their efforts were unable to quell, there would be some reason for considering that it was their capacity, and not their temper, that was at fault. As the case stands at present, it is a mere begging of the question to suppose that they were incompetent. There is much more evidence to support the conclusion that they were criminal and bloodthirsty. The guilt of two high military authorities, Kirschid Pasha at Beyrout, and Ahmed Pasha at Damascus, is established almost beyond doubt. If a story told in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* be true, Othman Bek, in countenancing the murders at Hasbeya, only acted under superior orders. The government of Damascus proposed to the Divan to declare that this officer had simply done his duty. Rais Pasha advised the Divan not to pass such a resolution without duly weighing its consequences. But some of the colonels of the garrison at Damascus, touched with indignation at the inhumanity of his proceedings, abstained from visiting their villanous colleague, and shunned all communication with him. One of them, it is said, meeting him on parade, told him that he might indeed be a man of honour, but that his sword was dishonoured. Othman coolly replied, "No weight is heavier to me than the weight of Hasbeya; but a soldier's first duty is obedience."

The Indian revolt has taught us, among other things, to estimate the marvellous rapidity with which the infectious fever of

religious fanaticism communicates itself from one part of an Oriental empire to another. We have reason to know the swift and inexplicable way in which rumours and panics spread like wildfire through whole populations in the East. The superstitious susceptibility of Orientals, united to their extraordinary sensitiveness, renders the simultaneous outbreak in whole districts of the same furious passion a not uncommon occurrence. Since the Crimean war there has been a great alteration in the relations of Mussulmans and Christians in Turkey to one another. Since the Hatti-houmayoun, the latter have shown every disposition to take advantage of the concession of reform which the Sultan guaranteed to them in the face of Europe. The Syrian Christians have been foremost in the assertion of their new privileges. M. Jules Ferretti gives a curious account of the state of Zahleh, the head-quarters of the Roman Catholics of the Lebanon. Intolerance has reigned there for some years back, but it has been Christian, not Moslem, intolerance. Three months ago, a Mussulman traveller who passed through Zahleh would have been compelled to do so on foot, and to occupy the humiliating position that a Christian held at Damascus before the reign of Ibrahim Pasha. There is no reason to doubt that the Christians who have been tyrannical at Zahleh, in other parts of Syria have shown a disposition, whenever they have had an opportunity, to be insubordinate. Their sufferings have till recently been so great that we cannot wonder at their conduct. The foreign policy of certain European Governments has encouraged them in this course; and they have been notoriously in the habit of speculating upon foreign protection. It would be strange if their old masters the Mussulmans looked with complacency or satisfaction on these proceedings. A powerful party, which has ramifications all over Turkey, and whose leaders fill important posts very frequently at Constantinople, during the last five years has seen the reforming tendencies of the present Sultan with dismay and indignation. They have alternately protested and conspired against his liberalism, which to them seems a weakness, and unworthy of a descendant of the Prophet. At a distance from the scene of action, with information frequently contradictory and always limited, it is difficult for people in England to come to a fixed opinion upon the subject of the late events. It is more difficult to know what is proved than to know what is not proved. It is not proved that the Syrian massacres can be accounted for by the quarrels of the Druses and the Maronites. It is not proved that they are not part of an organized and widely-spread Mussulman movement, which has shown itself here and there, and can only be prevented from showing itself elsewhere by vigorous action on the part of the Governments of the West.

That two officers of high rank, the respective governors of Damascus and Beyrout, should have dared to support the marauding hordes of the Lebanon in their inhuman proceedings, without being backed themselves by a very powerful and organized party to which they could look for protection, is almost incredible. They are said to have important friends in high places at Constantinople. The Druse chiefs of the Bokaa, in Mr. Graham's opinion, were acting under a similar impression that they themselves were agents, and not principals, in the mountain war. The Sultan's Cabinet and Fuad Pasha are unquestionably in earnest in their wish to tranquillize the Lebanon, and to make the recurrence of disorder impossible in future. But the Sultan is not all-powerful, even upon the Bosphorus, and the Sultan's Cabinet has determined enemies in the capital itself. Possibly they might discover the originators of the Syrian troubles without going so far as Syria. The situation would be less grave, both for Turkey and for Europe, were it certain that none but a few distant tribes like the Druses, the Metawalis, and the Kurds, or a few provincial administrators like Kirschid Pasha and Ahmed Pasha, were accomplices in the movement. The miserable instruments who have done the work will suffer as they deserve. But it is only too probable that the greatest criminals of all will remain for the present, perhaps, undiscovered—for Turkish justice is one-eyed—and certainly unpunished, for Turkish justice is lame.

"CROPPIES, LIE DOWN."

THE Sister Isle has certainly had its share, and more than its share, of the last hours of the expiring session; and, indeed, it is just when matters are drawing to a close that the zeal of her sons burns the hottest, and their oratory attains its loftiest pitch. The Irish member is strong at the last. There is fine running all through the race, but it is only when the winning-post is in sight that he puts on his final rush and displays his full capabilities to the astonished beholder. Fatigue, *ennui*, the wistful longing for a country seat, the clamours of a family for the promised tour, are to him but so many empty sounds. Strong in his country's cause, he is proof against them all. The House may have fallen away till, like the impatient lover in the song, its very shadow "doesn't know itself at all." The solitudes of Pall Mall may echo solemnly to his footstep as he marches bravely to Westminster; his club may be abandoned to waiters and brown holland; delicious accounts of massacres on the moors may be daily wafted southward to enhance the miseries of a town existence; but the call of duty finds the Irishman at his post. His physical constitution may be impaired, but genius shines out all the brighter for the decay of its earthly framework. He

makes a swanlike end, and his sweetest song is the last he sings. He is stoical on the subject of Scotch hills and deer forests; he is indifferent to salmon; he turns a deaf ear to the charms of Swiss pass or Italian lake; he forgets even the fresh verdure of his native soil. He is the political Cassianus of his period, firm in the championship of his country's privileges, watching with jealous eye, and denouncing with crushing vehemence, the insidious attacks of the heretical Saxon upon a suffering nationality. When the occasion arrives, some generous Celt is sure to be on his legs at a moment's notice to contradict, to exaggerate, or to protest; and, for the last few weeks, the occasion has arrived pretty often.

Irishmen in general have of late been having an exciting time. July and August are always feverish months. The 12th, of course, was duly honoured in the North; the Derry "prentice boys" have been marching to church with flags and ribbons, and the churchwardens engaged in a pitched battle on the roof of the Cathedral to maintain the cherished privilege of No Popery banners and aggravating chimneys. The Irish Education vote is invariably the signal for a national grumble, and every fanatic from one end of Ireland to another raises a howl at the enforced moderation of a liberal compromise. An archiepiscopal choragus leads the melancholy strain, and John of Tuam, from St. Jarlath's, encourages the faithful to reject the proffered advantages in which heretics are allowed to participate. Then came the defeat of the Volunteer Bill, and a fine burst of Gaelic indignation at a tyrannical Government which would not allow Irishmen to be armed for defence of their country, in the teeth of their own violent protestations of disloyalty, or to do with rifles what the law in vain endeavours to prevent them from doing to one another with shillelachs. All disappointments, however, must have been forgotten in the lasting triumph of the Galway Packet Subsidy, and in the proud consciousness of having scrambled into an uncommonly good thing. "And, Saxon, I'm the reg'lar Doo," must be the sentiment with which every Celtic patriot will for the future apostrophize the home authorities. The scene here was very fine. We have Father Daly himself, flushed with success, amid the glories of brass bands and triumphal arches and the acclamations of a grateful populace, introducing Messrs. Roebuck and Lever, as the two heroes of the occasion, to the ladies of Galway, denouncing the cowards who had dared to whisper a suggestion of roguery against the champions of Irish interests, and hoping "that they would soon have an opportunity of hearing their sweet voices and listening to the eloquence that thundered in the Senate of Great Britain." So much general enthusiasm naturally finds relief in a little fashionable letter-writing. The Emperor of the French has written to a Tipperary newspaper, and Mr. Smith O'Brien has exchanged civilities with a Parisian pamphleteer. The inviter of invasion, the resolute enemy of his country's peaceful interests, seems to be still thoroughly himself. Like some bird of prey, Mr. O'Brien emerges from obscurity only to seize upon some unusually vile piece of literary garbage; and a stupid squib, of which every decent Frenchman is heartily ashamed, rouses him into a paroxysm of gratitude and admiration. The author of *La Question Irlandaise* will no doubt rejoice to know that so good a judge considers it one of the best statements of his country's wrongs; and a broken-down agitator's zeal "for friendly sympathies and active communication" with the French Government will perhaps be welcome to a Court which seems just now to be on the look-out for a friend.

But the Italian crusaders are, after all, the most striking object on the Irish horizon, and may well excite their countrymen's deepest interest. Some have remained to starve, others have come home to grumble, and they have grumbled with all the intensity which might have been expected from under-fed, under-clothed, and over-drilled patriots. Henceforth the public may be quite easy about Papal Volunteers. Leave them alone, and they'll come home, and bring their tales of suffering and injustice for the warning of future zealots. They seem, indeed, to have been more cruelly treated than the sternest of their monitors could have wished or expected. In spite of oneself, one is apt to forget the hopeless imbecility of the Papal Government, and to imagine that for once it might be active, provident, and efficient. The poor fellows whose column of complaints just now has its regular place in every daily paper have convinced themselves, in a painfully practical manner, of the amount of reliance which is to be set on priestly encouragement or Ultramontane representations. They dressed up the Papacy in all the ideal colours of a generous romance; they rushed to its aid, and have found it—what every sensible Italian has for years past proclaimed it—an incompetent ruler, a thankless employer, a faithless friend, incapable alike of generous sentiment, prudent counsel, or practical activity. Their journey will have done them and their Continental sympathizers the greatest possible good. The Irishmen will have seen close the idol which looked so attractively venerable in the distance. Foreigners will understand for the future what manner of men their Hibernian co-religionists are, how prompt in enthusiasm, how wild in excitement, how impatient of suffering, how ready to despair; and they will probably be disposed to form a more charitable estimate of the Government whose task it is to provide for the claims of such eager appetites, and to bring such unruly elements into something like harmony and decorum. Meanwhile, the accounts of the victims' adventures are really

heartrending. Here Melancholy may turn and be sure of congenial food for thought. What, for instance, could be finer than the contrast drawn the other day by a correspondent of the *Cork Examiner* between the bright beginning, the tedious middle, and the disastrous end of his adventures? Young and credulous, the confiding band—its hopes high and its expenses paid—passed merrily to Hull, "where a most becoming gentleman, of mild habits, greeted us with the salutation, 'Welcome, proud sons of Erin, the defenders of Rome.'" When next we look, the sad reverse has already set in. A heartless press "is representing the returned unfortunates of the Irish Brigade in the most beguiled, most infamous, most calumniating manner." Material hardships have almost rivalled the moral tortures of ingratitude. Men accustomed to the copious joys of "rale potheen," may well have found a glass of sour wine but scanty refection after a twelve hours' march, and have shuddered at the prospect of straw on which Belgians had already reposed. At another time the troop had to sleep on the butt ends of their guns, "without either officer or chaplain to compassionate us in our sufferings." The only comfort which gleamed through our sea of troubles, hunger, thirst, and sleepless nights, was that Father M'Loughlin, driving up on a steady cob, flushed with all the luxuries of life, exclaimed, in a calm and rather resolute manner, that the Holy Father was anxiously on the look-out for the children of Erin, the sons of independence." The sons of independence were, it appears, not just then in the mood to appreciate rhetoric, and Father M'Loughlin's consolation proved entirely inadequate to silence the clamour of an empty stomach.

The vicissitudes of Parliament have hardly been less interesting. Mr. Cardwell has been in the wars. His Peace Preservation Amendment Bill, of course, brought up a host of objectors to the national insults conveyed in exceptional legislation; and The O'Donoghue, as one warrior after another deserted the good cause, breathed the bitter complaint that "no member was admitted into the Government till he ceased to have the feelings of an Irishman." But it was on the Party Emblems Bill that feeling ran highest and that the oratory was most characteristic. The desire to curtail Protestant enjoyment could scarcely tempt some Catholics into consenting to a general restriction of improprieties, and Orangemen were of course furious that they are no longer to be allowed to go periodically crazy about the siege of Derry. What Lord Macaulay thought worth a description, every Irishman must think worth a row, and from every quarter of the House some ingenious objection or other was raised to the proposed interference with a traditional privilege. Mr. Hennessey was sure that "no such disgraceful enactment was to be found in the British Statute-book," and apprehended a series of Japanese outrages upon the symbol of Christianity. Sir George Bowyer protested against a Coercion Bill, and "did not wish Protestants to be coerced in the North, any more than Catholics in the South." Captain Archdall was lost in astonishment at the libellous hardihood which could impeach the unbroken tranquillity of Ulster existence. Mr. Malins, who has probably never had his head smashed by a shillelagh, and prefers honour to safety, declared that he should feel a degraded man if the provision were extended to England; and the member for Marylebone, whom a habit of spouting to common juries seems to have deluded into fancying himself a constitutional lawyer, objected to the Bill on the ground of its omitting to specify the intention of the offending party as one element in the offence described. The Attorney-General had to inform him that, where an act is notoriously likely to be followed by certain consequences, the law will imply that those consequences are intended by the person committing it; and as Irishmen have been engaged in bullying one another for at least a century-and-a-half, it is of course absurd to imagine that the sort of acts which are especially aggravating have not been by this time pretty accurately ascertained by both parties to the quarrel. Mr. Osborne placed the matter in the light in which everybody of any calmness and good sense has now come to regard it. The peaceful and rational portion of the Irish community is resolved to put a stop to absurd, cruel, and disgraceful outrages. Englishmen are naturally delighted to second so good a resolution. It is satisfactory to know that, on several recent occasions, the principal dignitaries have set their faces dead against these stupid revivals of worn-out disputes, and have used their utmost efforts to prevent the customary collisions. Their good sense may, we hope, in the course of time, infect the lower portions of society, and the moral sense of the country may one day supersede the restrictions of the present statute. Meanwhile, it is indispensable that the cause of order should have every possible support, and that, if Orangemen are still resolved to fight, they shall do so, at least, without the aid of brass bands and red calico flags.

SETTLERS AND NATIVES IN NEW ZEALAND.

ONE of the many evil consequences of an over-protracted session is, that legislation becomes a mere game of chance. The opinions which are really preponderant in the House of Commons no longer make law for the nation. The number in attendance becomes so small that any accident will disturb the balance. A shower of rain will turn a division; and any active canvasser has always obstruction, if not legislation, at his command. This evil of a wasted session has received more than one illustration in recent divisions; but none of them has been of so

much importance as the loss of the New Zealand Bill on Tuesday night. In a fuller House it could not have failed of success, for it involves the principle of protecting a native race from the cupidity of the white man, for which Parliament has already done so much. But the active agitation of a few interested persons would have arrested even a better Bill at this season of the year. The land question—which it was the main object of this Bill to settle—is the great difficulty of every young colony; for land is at first the only source of wealth, and is therefore naturally an object of cupidity to those who have exiled themselves in order to make money. But in New Zealand—at least in the northern island—it is complicated by the fact that, when the island was first discovered, every rood of land was in possession. The Maoris have as distinct an idea of landed property as we have, and there was not such a thing as “no man’s land” in the whole island; only they hold it, not, as we do, individually, but by clans. When first their progenitors overspread the island, some three hundred years ago, each man of them took his well-defined block of land. But he did not take the trouble to divide it among his family, and therefore they held their father’s block of land in common. They pursued the same policy with their own descendants; and thence it came about that these original blocks are held by tribes in common, and not in special plots by each member of the tribe. Individuals, therefore, of the tribe are unable to alienate any portion of the land without the consent of the tribe, or of the chief who represents them—just as a Swiss mountaineer cannot sell a bit of the valley on which he pastures his cows, but must refer all applicants to the *Commune*. But the idea of property is nevertheless thoroughly well-defined; and a war has before this taken place between two tribes for a strip of land fifteen yards in width. This is the kernel of the New Zealand difficulty. At first the settlers had no trouble in getting land. The natives had a good deal of land and no blankets, and they were very willing to exchange the former for the latter. But, after a time, they began to see that land was a thing which rose in value, and that blankets had a tendency to wear out. They began to feel just as the proprietor of a moor in England would feel who found a town springing up on the edge of it. He would manifest an objection to squatters that never occurred to him before, and would cling with quite a novel tenacity to the fee-simple of his naked moor. This is precisely the view taken of it by the Maoris. Selling is not so popular among them as it used to be, and the colony, with a constant emigration pouring into its harbours, is beginning to be a little straitened for room. The Maoris have got the land, and the settlers covet it; and this is of itself an ample foundation for a formidable difficulty. Of course the gentlemen who, there as elsewhere, would regenerate the world on the “damned nigger” principle, and who hold the indefeasible right of the white man to all he can lay his hands on, would offer a very simple solution of the problem. It is a solution which has been already applied by the Yankees to the Red Indians, and by the Dutch to the Hottentots. They would take by force whatever land they wanted. But in the present instance there are two formidable difficulties in the way of this solution. The first difficulty is that the English Crown has undertaken, by the Treaty of Waitangi, to guarantee their landed property to the natives. There were men in England some eighteen years ago, when this treaty was first made, whose cupidity could stoop low enough to suggest that it was “a mere device for the amusement of naked savages.” They belong to the same school—the school of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield—as those whose energetic efforts have defeated the New Zealand Bill. But their interpretation was scornfully rejected by the Colonial Minister of the day; and the covenants of the Treaty of Waitangi have been again and again reaffirmed on the part of the English Crown. The other difficulty is that the natives, as they have just shown, will fight for their land; and that their fighting force consists of twenty thousand men, fully armed, and defending a country which woods, mountain-barriers, and swamps have made impassable for troops.

This question, therefore, is one of considerable delicacy. Land cannot be forced from the natives without doing a great wrong and involving a vast military expenditure, and they cannot be induced voluntarily to relax their grasp except to those in whom they thoroughly confide. In the meantime, the settlers are storming for more land, and have browbeaten the Governor into committing, for the sake of getting it, an act of confiscation which has plunged the country into war. Under these circumstances, Mr. Adderley, and the old Canterbury party whom he represents, modestly propose that the dispute between the colonists and the natives should be left to the colonists to settle exactly as they like. The Maoris are not represented in the colonial Legislature, and any decision of the Legislature is the decision of the colonists alone. Though it deals with a less important subject-matter, the proposition is in its nature quite as monstrous as a proposal that the merchants of Calcutta should have the uncontrolled disposal of the lives and properties of the natives of India. Of course, so long as the natives retain their present preponderance of numbers, frequent wars would be the only consequence. It is a mistake to say that colonists necessarily dislike war. The settlers in the bush, who are liable to be shot, of course have an aversion to it. But the majority living on the coast are out of reach of the bullets, and enjoy the full benefit of the military expenditure. A war

conducted by England in a colony means a new and rich market for colonial corn and cattle, and a vast body of extra customers for colonial tradesmen. But the time will very soon come when the whites will be the most numerous race, and resistance on the part of the Maoris will be too desperate for them to attempt. If a Parliament elected purely by colonists should then have to arbitrate between the colonist who covets the land, and the native who possesses it, the result is not difficult to foresee. Specious arguments will not be wanting to prove that a savage can have no true property in land; and the logical value of an argument is not of much importance when it is enforced by the hand of power. Ahab, no doubt, had arguments enough to prove that Naboth had no true title to his land; but it did not turn out to be a desirable arrangement that Ahab should be judge in his own case. We can only ascertain what a white Legislature, elected on democratic principles, would do under such a temptation, by inquiring what it has done elsewhere. There are few more disgraceful pages in the history of the United States than their treatment of the Red Indians on whose land they wished to encroach. The form was observed, as no doubt it would be in New Zealand, of procuring a cession of it from some real or alleged chief. The Abbé Domenech, in his recent work upon American deserts, gives an instructive picture of the process, which consisted principally in a liberal use of liquor by the Government negotiator. The necessary signatures once obtained, the very moderate scruples of the Government were abundantly satisfied; and whole races were driven forth from their own fertile fields, and from among the graves of their fathers, to wear out a half-starved existence in some desert beyond the Mississippi. The wrong that was perpetrated by white settlers on the Atlantic may well be repeated by white settlers in the Pacific, notwithstanding the purity of the intentions which, while they are the weaker party, they profess. Indeed, the ground on which they claim that the wolf shall have the guardianship of the lamb has an ominous smack of American morality about it. They say it is a wrong upon their liberty not to clothe them with despotic power over the Maoris—that it is a breach of the principle of self-government not to suffer them to govern other people. This quaint view of the rights of man bears an unpleasant analogy to those impassioned speeches about their “liberties” with which the Virginian planters exhort each other to stand fast by the “peculiar institution.” It is like the indignation expressed by the Dey of Algiers, in Dumas’ story, at the tyranny of the European laws which forbade him to strangle his own cook.

Both on the grounds of economy and of humanity, England has a right to insist that native disputes shall be decided by judges less interested than the colonists themselves. If the natives are strong, it is England who has to bear the cost of subjugating them; if they are weak and oppressed, it is England that bears, in the sight of the civilized world, the odium of their oppression. The Duke of Newcastle’s Bill which the disciples of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield have succeeded in burking, provided that a council of men, conversant with native affairs, and independent alike of the Assembly and of the Governor, should advise him upon this thorny and delicate administration. It is bad that the Governor should bear this responsibility alone, for if he is strong, it adds to the unpopularity with which every governor has to contend, and if he is weak, it makes the English Crown a direct accomplice in oppression. If the Government should be unable, with the powers they now possess, to put in action this wise guarantee, it is to be hoped that they will not sit down under the verdict of the wasted skeleton that caricatures a legislative assembly in August, but that they will appeal to a genuine House of Commons.

THE SALMON FISHERIES OF SCOTLAND.

PUBLIC attention has frequently, of late years, been called to the steady and general decline of the Scotch salmon trade. In the years 1824 and 1836 it was made the subject of Parliamentary inquiry, and various suggestions of a partial character have been from time to time adopted in hopes of arresting the downward progress of so important a branch of national commerce. The evil, however, has hitherto completely set at defiance the remedies proposed, and has continued to gain ground until it has become absolutely necessary to adopt forthwith some decisive measure for checking the disastrous results of the present wasteful and improvident system. A local Bill for the regulation of the rivers Ness and Beuly was, during the present session, passed through the Commons, and its introduction to the House of Lords suggested the appointment of a Committee to investigate the subject as affecting the whole of Scotland, and to point out in what respects the existing machinery of the fishery laws is deranged or insufficient.

The inquiries of the Committee were first directed to the preliminary question of ownership, and to the various rights of parties with which any fresh legislation would be obliged to interfere. By the law of Scotland, though the salmon is not, like the whale or sturgeon, a Royal fish, yet the right of salmon-fishing is inter regalia, and is vested in the Crown not merely as trustee for the public, but as part of its patrimonial estates. In England, by the provisions of Magna Charta, the Sovereign was disabled from granting a several or exclusive fishery in public waters; and, until very recent enactments, the Crown laboured

under the same disability in Ireland. But in Scotland the right of granting fisheries, both in rivers and in the sea, has been largely exercised from a very early period; and there are probably at the present moment but few river fisheries which remain vested in the Sovereign. On the coast, however, there is still a large extent over which the Sovereign still possesses the hereditary right of fishing. In 1849 this right became the subject of litigation; and it was solemnly laid down by the House of Lords, that both in the sea, within three miles of low-water mark, and in rivers and estuaries, the privileges of the Crown were still in force, subject only to the lawfully acquired rights of subjects either by grant or prescription. The Commissioners of Woods, who, since 1832, have had the charge of the hereditary revenues of the Crown in Scotland, are still in course of ascertaining what fisheries are the Crown's, and what are held by subjects under valid titles; and in many instances the proprietors of the coast have already acknowledged the Sovereign's claim, and have agreed to accept leases from the Crown for the sea fisheries adjoining their estates.

A long series of statutes, commencing with an Act of Robert I. in 1318, subjects the owners of fisheries to various salutary restrictions, and shows the very early period at which the necessity of some sort of protection for an animal so easily assailable as the salmon began to be felt. By an Act of James I. "it is ordained that all cruives and yairs (i.e. cruives and yairs, fixed machines for catching fish) set in fresche wateris, quhar the see fillis and ebbis, the quhilke destroyis the fry of all fishes, be destroyit and put away for three zenis to cum." Another enactment forbids "that onie salmound be slain fra the Feast of the Assumption of our Lady, gwhile the Feast of St. Andrew, nouthir with nettes nor cruives, nor nane uthirwise." Later on, Queen Mary, with her Parliament, "ratifies and apprives the Act maid by her highness maist noble gud-schir King James the Feird of gude memory," and orders "that all cruives and zaires that are set of late upon sand and schauldes, be incontinent tane down and put away," while others more favoured were allowed "to stande still quhil the first day of October nix-to-cum, and incontinent after the said first day to be destroyed and put away for ever." The result of these and a great many subsequent Acts may be thus summed up, and affects all Scotch waters except the Tweed and the Solway, with its tributaries, which, as being partly English, have been the subject of separate legislation:—1. Cruives are legal from the source of a river down to the point where the ebb and flow of the tide begins, provided the person using such an engine has an express grant from the Crown of the privilege of fishing in that manner, has exercised that privilege, and observes the regulations of the Statutes as to cruives, the principal of which are that they shall be kept open from Saturday till Monday, and that the heels or bars of the cruive-boxes shall not be less than three inches apart. 2. Cruives, yairs, and all other fixed engines are illegal in a river from the point where the ebb and flow of the tide begins down to the sea. 3. Fixed nets are not illegal on the sea-coast; and a person having a grant of salmon-fishing on the sea-coast cannot be interdicted under the Statutes by another proprietor of salmon-fishings, or be prevented by the Crown from using such nets." The annual period during which it is illegal to take salmon was fixed by the Home Drummond Act (9 Geo. IV., c. 39) to begin on September 14, and last till February 1. On the Solway, the close-time begins on the 26th of August, and ends on January 1. On the Tweed, the close-time begins on September 14, and lasts till February 15. All these provisions ought, the Committee suggests, to be submitted to considerable change.

The next point to be established was the decline of the salmon fisheries, and the causes to which that decline is fairly attributable. Here the most satisfactory evidence was supplied by Mr. Ridpath, of the firm of Forbes, Stewart, and Co., the largest wholesale dealers in the London salmon trade. In this house, since 1834, a regular table has been kept of the number of boxes of salmon annually received in London; and, dividing that period into four cycles, for the purpose of striking an average, the Committee find that, in the first two cycles, the average number of boxes was 26,000 and 29,000. In the latter two it was only 18,000 and 17,000. The accounts of the takings upon particular rivers quite prepare us for so serious a general diminution. In the Tweed, 37,000 salmon were killed in 1808—less than 5000 in 1856. The fisheries in the rivers Dee and Don, and at the mouths of those rivers, have suffered a similar decline. At the Raik fishings in the Dee, where in old times the annual average was 472 barrels, the average for the last forty years has been only 300; and the decrease has resulted as much from the smaller size of the fish caught as from their lessened number. Mr. Jopp, the clerk to the heritors of the Rivers Dee and Don, has had the best possible opportunities of examining their fisheries, and speaks authoritatively as to the cause of the falling-off. The introduction of cruives and of stake and bag nets has lowered the numbers caught in the stream so much that not even the larger takes which fixed machinery has rendered possible in the estuaries and on the sea coast have brought up the total aggregate of fish killed to anything like the old standard. He thinks that nothing but the abolition of all fixed contrivances, and a return to the old method of fishing with net and coble, would be sufficient to restore the salmon fisheries to their former prosperity. Similar accounts are given

of the Rivers Ness and Beuly. In the latter, the take of salmon has sunk to little more than a quarter of what it was at the beginning of the century; and on the Ness, fishing-cobles which used to be let at 200*l.* a-year do not now fetch more than 40*l.*; and it is found impossible, even at that low rate, to work them at a profit.

The fixed net seems, in fact, so deadly an instrument of destruction that the wonder consists, not in the numbers of its victims, but in the fact that any survivors should escape with their lives to perpetuate their species for a future season. The nets are furnished with a long leader, which reaches often for many hundreds of yards in front of the mouths of streams, and thus not only arrests many salmon which are then making their way up the river to spawn, but frightens many others from their course, and drives them out to sea. When a shoal comes along the coast, seeking for a river's mouth, it finds itself opposed by one of these leaders, and some of the fish find their way along it into the chamber of the net, and so get finally caught; but others fly back, and the rest go out to sea. Here fresh perils await them, for porpoises and seals are constantly on the look-out for the fish so driven out of their natural course, and find the neighbourhood of the stake and bag-nets the most productive hunting-grounds. One witness informed the Committee that he had seen hundreds of them tumbling about near the mouth of the Tay, waiting for the salmon which the nets drove seawards. Another objection to the system of fixed nets is its extreme costliness and its waste. In general, the expense of a sea-net and the wear and tear is so great that it requires two fish to be caught, for one that is caught with a net and coble, to produce the same amount of profit; and in some places on the Tweed, it is reckoned that the same profit as is made from ordinary river fishing can be realized only by catching four times as many fish. And this additional expense does not at all consist in a larger employment of labour, or in higher wages; on the contrary, the money so expended is less in the fixed sea-nets than in river fishing. Then in rough weather, especially if continued for several days, the fish get knocked about in the sea-nets, and become unfit for market purposes, and so are completely lost. Finally, the weekly day of grace, called the Saturday slap, which opens a passage up the rivers in the case of all other impediments, is not observed by the owners of bag and stake nets; and grave doubts are entertained whether, even if ordered by the Legislature, it would be possible—especially in the case of the bag nets, which are entirely in the sea below low water—to carry out this wholesome regulation in the face of the difficulties to which their peculiar position and arrangement would be certain to give rise.

The cruive weirs, though very destructive, are free from several of the most objectionable features of the fixed net. The fish can generally pass them in a flood, and during the Saturday slap; and those that do not get past are not, as in the former instance, driven out to sea. Sometimes, however, the fish are too heavy with spawn to pass the cruive weirs, even though the boxes are opened for their passage; and one witness stated that he had seen in the river Don large numbers of salmon in this condition lying at the bottom of a cruive dyke, and unable from their weight to make their way any higher up the river. No abuse, however, is without its champion, and for fixed nets and cruives plenty of witnesses have been found to speak a good word. Mr. Brown, factor to Lord Seafield, and lessee of some fisheries in the Moray Firth, informed the Committee that, taking sea fishings and river fishings together, he believed that more fish were killed now than forty years ago. He thinks that the prevalence of poaching in close time has been the cause of the reduction of the value of the river fishings. Some of the blame, too, is to be laid on improved draining, and on new mills and manufactories, whose dam-dykes are so perfectly contrived that, when the river is small, scarcely any water can get by them, and which are constantly discharging detrimental substances into the stream. The Dee and Don Mr. Brown considers almost hopelessly spoiled as fishing rivers from these causes. Other witnesses contended that the decrease is owing to a general overfishing, alike in rivers and on the coast, and to the too late commencement of the close season since it was fixed by the Home Drummond Act. Then the sweep nets used in rivers are quite as destructive as fixed nets on the coast. They frighten the fish more than any stationary object, and kill many smolts, or salmon fry, which almost invariably escape to seaward of the fixed nets. Lastly, say the apologists, the river nets often catch kelts, or spent fish—an accusation which can hardly ever be brought against the fixed net—at the coast. The Committee appear to despair of obtaining any remedy so searching as the total prohibition of all cruives and fixed engines whatever; and they therefore ground their suggestions on the hypothesis of that measure not proving practicable. They recommend the creation of a central Board to superintend the Scotch fisheries in general, and to control the various local bodies appointed to watch the interests of each district. All other fixed machines than such as already exist are to be illegal, and the Board is to have the power of relegating them to such distance from the mouths of rivers as it thinks fit. The Board is to have a ready means of summarily enforcing the law which provides for a free passage for fish through dykes and mill-dams; and it is to regulate the mode in which sweep nets may be employed, and the size of the mesh, which is henceforth to be legitimate. The

annual close time for nets is to extend from the 20th of August till the 1st of February. Anglers are to be allowed to go on till the 15th of October, but no Scotch salmon is to be sold after the 1st September; and lastly, it is suggested that the Saturday slap shall be extended, in the case of cruives and nets, from Sunday night till Monday morning, and that bag and stake nets be either subject to the weekly close time, or be wholly removed on the 20th of July for the annual close time.

THE DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.

IF Anarcharsis, or Hajji Baba, or Montesquieu's "Persian," or Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" were to revisit Europe at the present day, his attention could not fail to be arrested by the number and activity of benevolent associations. While he could not refuse his tribute of admiration to the motives of the associates, and the general results of their agency, he would find something to censure and much to ridicule. The objects of some are so disproportionate to the means employed, that ludicrous failure is inevitable. Others have merely a fantastic crotchet in view. Others, again, are carelessly or dishonestly managed; and all are liable to be infested by fussy people and by bores. The "Paradiggle," for instance, is a parasite peculiar to the class. Our satiric novelists have not failed to seize upon the ludicrous aspect of benevolent associations; and, indeed, from their description, no one would suppose that the members ever achieved any other purpose than that of making themselves supremely offensive or ridiculous. Our faith in the justice of such sweeping censure is somewhat lessened by finding that the same censure is extended to all established institutions, political or social. For our own part, we may enjoy the grotesque fun which is elicited from the imaginary "Hot-muffin and Crumpet-baking and Punctual Delivery Company," or from the "Circumlocution Office," or from the "Mission to Borriboolagah," but we refuse the lesson of dreary pessimism which is intended to be conveyed. We believe that these societies are of immense service to society and to mankind—that they check and thwart evil tendencies which could not be checked or thwarted in any other way. This seems a truism; but when we find the truism implicitly denied in the most popular books of the day, what can we do but reassert it?

Association for benevolent purposes is a feature peculiar to Christian countries and Christian times. If it is found at all in Turkey, or Egypt, or India, it is probably due to Christian influence and example. We find no trace of it in ancient Greece or Rome. There were, indeed, multitudes of beggars dependent upon individual charity, and there were mutual benefit societies, but societies for purely charitable purposes there were none. The hospital, the asylum, and the almshouse, are the product of Christian teaching. And, amid the religious discouragements and perplexities which beset us, we are cheered by seeing that the great tree, sprung from the grain of mustard-seed, is not withered, but bears its fruit more abundantly than ever in practical good. No sooner has a new evil and a new want made itself apparent in this vast social machine of ours, than an association is formed to correct the one and supply the other. This voluntary co-operation acts, it may be, partially and unsystematically, but it does real work—work which no government, not even the most powerfully centralized and organized, could do. For, with all deference to Mr. Carlyle, men are by nature so wilful, wayward and perverse, that they are attracted to that which is good for them by the knowledge that they are not commanded, but invited, that they are free to take or to leave, and will not be dragged into virtue and order. The multifarious objects of the societies of which we speak may be classed generally under two heads—1. The relief of poverty; and 2. The prevention of crime. With regard to the former, the most deserving of the poor are those in whom poverty has not destroyed feelings of pride and self-respect—those, in fact, who will not become inmates of a parish workhouse, who will not apply for relief when clogged with what appear to them degrading conditions. When a labouring man has once accepted "parish-relief," he sinks in the estimation of his fellows and himself. It is impossible, and it is certainly not desirable, to eradicate this feeling. It is an honest and noble feeling—the salt which saves from corruption the lower parts of our social organism. But its existence impedes the operation of Government measures for the relief of the poor.

Between the confessed destitution sheltered in the workhouse, and fed by parochial rates and self-helping, self-supporting labour, there is a wide margin—a "penumbra," so to say—of struggling need and chronic distress. This is the proper field of action of voluntary charity. Here it is that Benevolent Associations step in to supply the short-comings of legislation. They divide the poor into classes, select from each class the most necessitous individuals, relieving "decayed gentlewomen," aged governesses, distressed needlewomen, teaching ragged boys and equipping them as members of the Shoe-black Brigade. However imperfect and partial the relief afforded may be, its aggregate result is immense. The good effected, the evil obviated, is incalculable. The good thus done directly to the poor is reflected back upon those who do it. Voluntary charity is "twice blessed." It keeps alive the traditions of practical Christianity. It warms and softens men's hearts, and enlarges their affections. It makes

them feel that there is a real meaning in Scripture texts such as "Love the brotherhood." If we let the State do our benevolence for us, we should lose the salutary lesson which we all individually so much require. No man, though he pay his rates ever so regularly, can thereby flatter himself that he is the "cheerful giver" whom God loveth.

Secondly, as to the prevention of crime—it is obvious that the law can only take cognizance of crime committed, and proved, and brought home to the guilty person. It can punish, but cannot prevent. The various reformatories, &c., established of late years endeavour to supply the defect and to remedy the confessed impuissance of the law. They deal with persons whose age and position expose them to peculiar temptations, or with persons who, though they have committed crime, are not hardened in guilt, and who might leave their evil courses if they saw "a way opened to escape."

Such an object is that proposed by the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society," to which we beg to call the attention of our readers. The necessity and utility of such an association have become painfully evident of late years. Now that transportation has been commuted into penal servitude at home, the great mass of our convicts, after their discharge, are thrown back upon our hands. They find themselves, on their release, not "holding their heads to other stars and moving in converse seasons," with a wilderness before them and abundant means of gaining an honest livelihood, but within reach of old haunts and old associates, with a blighted character and no resource but to starve or steal. Thus crime has, under our new system, a constant tendency to reproduce itself in a vicious circle. This alarming state of things suggested to some benevolent persons, about three years ago, the idea that by private association the evil might be in some degree palliated. To one of them we are indebted for the following account of the results of their undertaking:—

Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society,
Office, 39, Charing-cross, London, S.W.

The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society was established for the purpose of assisting prisoners on their discharge to obtain an honest livelihood in this country through the benevolence of their employers, to return to their friends, should such occupy a respectable position in society, or to emigrate to Canada, Australia, or elsewhere, where the probability of their getting work appears great, and where their antecedents are unknown.

Since it commenced its operations, in May, 1857, the cases of 1114 men and women have been entertained. Of these, 842 have, through the instrumentality of the Society, been enabled to commence an honest course of life, or have been sent home to their friends, &c., and 242 men and 30 women have been assisted to emigrate. Of those first-named, but one has come under the cognizance of the Society as having absconded from his employer, charged with dishonest practices. Many gratifying proofs have been afforded of their well-doing by personal inquiries, by letters from themselves and their employers, and by visits from ex-prisoners to express their gratitude, and, in several instances, to become donors to the Society's funds. Those who have been sent home to their friends the Society has aided, by maintaining them in London until arrangements were made on their behalf, their travelling, and other necessary expenses being paid by the Society's agent, and they being supplied, when deserving, with small advances of money for procuring clothes and tools, or stock, with which to commence some small business. From some of those who have been assisted to emigrate, the Society has received communications appraising it of their success in a new country (which in more than one case has been very great); but it would be unreasonable to expect many to remember or fulfil their promise of writing, unless, indeed, some singular good fortune enables them to realize the benefit they have received from the Society, or they happen to possess the rare virtue of gratitude. The letters from the female emigrants, however, have been tolerably numerous and satisfactory. They naturally feel more thankful for the assistance they have been rendered, as being more permanent and greater than that afforded to the men. And this brings me to an important branch of our undertaking—viz., the aid we give to female discharged prisoners, which I hope I shall not trouble you by describing at some length. There was at first, on the part of some of the Committee, considerable hesitation, which I confess I shared, in aiding female discharged prisoners at all. This arose from the knowledge of the great expense and trouble their cases required, and the risk incurred of failure. Our President, however, was very anxious the experiment should be tried, and its success has been extraordinary. We found at once that we were obliged, for obvious reasons, to procure a small house, under the charge of an efficient matron, where the women on quitting prison could be sent. This we called the "Female Lodging-House," as it was intended, and is used, merely as a temporary place of residence for women until situations have been obtained for them, they have rejoined their relatives, or have been assisted to emigrate. The great majority of those who have entered domestic service are doing remarkably well, as also, as far as we know, the remainder. We find, however, the assistance we render these women very expensive, the number of temporary occupants of the "Lodgings" being frequently eight or nine. At the same time, we are obliged to employ an assistant matron in order that they should not be left without supervision while the matron is absent in taking persons to situations or in making necessary arrangements on their behalf. In assisting female discharged prisoners to emigrate a much larger sum is expended than in male cases, the women being sent out in steamers, whereas the men go in sailing vessels. The amount of prison gratuity is, in many instances, sufficient to pay the cost of the emigration of these latter, but never enough for the former. The women receive, on leaving prison, a very trifling gratuity, which is usually all expended in the purchase of requisite clothing. One great benefit the Society undoubtedly confers on those whose cases it entertains. It becomes, as it were, their temporary bankers, and prevents the gratuities they receive from prison being squandered, as formerly, in a few days of drunkenness and debauchery. Men and women frequently remain two or three, and, in some instances, from twelve to thirty, months under our supervision, the money of some of them being paid in the meantime by instalments. These advances are dependent on the good conduct of the recipients, which is ascertained by means of personal investigation or information from undoubted sources. To accomplish all this the Society is obliged to maintain a secretary, clerk, and agent, and, though great care is taken to avoid unnecessary expense, it is found that the salaries of these officers, in addition to the cost of the Female Lodgings and an enormous correspondence, are such as compel us to reject, from want of funds, many cases that we otherwise would gladly undertake.

It will be seen that the Society has not only palliated, but to a great extent removed the evil we have described, so far as it admits of removal. It is already able to deal with a large proportion of the cases that come legitimately within its province—that is to say, with all the convicts discharged from Government prisons who are willing to accept its aid. In order, however, to continue its operations on the same scale, it depends on regular annual contributions from the public. It has hitherto been supported mainly by large donations, on the repetition of which it cannot calculate. Similar societies, called *Sociétés de Patronage*, have been long in operation in France; but they have not been able to deal with adults, in consequence, we believe, of impediments thrown in their way by the jealousy of a despotic Government which is naturally hostile to all voluntary associations. Such societies have also been established for years in Bavaria, with the best results; but in Austria a Government scheme projected with the same view has failed, because it was a Government scheme. In England there are local societies with similar objects, as at Birmingham—a place ever foremost in benevolent enterprise—and in Kent; but their field of action is confined to district prisons.

We trust that we have said enough to show that our Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society undertakes and performs what Government cannot do, and that it is deserving of all support from the English public.

REVIEWS.

THE PURITANS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

IT is very natural that Americans, especially New Englanders, should take a deep interest in that extreme Protestant movement in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which contributed so much to the foundation and to the peculiar character of their own commonwealth. The "Pilgrim Fathers" are rather absurdly so called, as nobody is less like a pilgrim, in the common sense of the word, than a man who leaves his own country to settle in a quite new one. But, whatever they are to be called, the Puritan settlers in North America have had so important an influence on the subsequent history of that country, that their descendants and countrymen are very appropriately employed in tracing out their history, and that of their precursors while they remained in England. We know no reason why an American should not take up the subject coolly and impartially, because certainly nothing can depart more widely from the Puritan ideal than the existing state of things in the United States. The great principle of American religious society is the perfect equality of all sects. The law protects all, and favours or patronizes none. As far as we know, this principle of religious society is there really carried out. We never heard of any particular church or sect being excepted from the common protection of the law. There seems to be an element of lawlessness everywhere; and we certainly now and then hear of very lawless things being done in the United States. But American lawlessness takes other forms than that of England. We do not remember any American instance of a combination of mob, policemen, magistrates, and the Executive Government itself, to deny to certain people whose religious notions happened to be unpopular that common protection which the law is supposed to give to every citizen. The St. George's riots could hardly have happened in modern America, because there people do seem to realize the truth that those who dislike a certain sort of worship should simply go and worship in some way that they like better. They could hardly have happened in a perfect Puritan State; but for a very different reason. In such a State Mr. King and his friends would long ago have been imprisoned, banished, or possibly hanged, by due sentence of law.

Mr. Hopkins, as was to be expected, admires the Puritans. He thinks them theologically right and politically wise, and therefore looks upon them as most cruelly and unjustly persecuted. How hard it was to fine and imprison godly ministers who preached the true Gospel merely because they could not conscientiously conform about caps and surplices. So, in a certain sense it was, but this sort of talk does not go to the bottom of the matter. The plain fact is, that religious liberty was in those days something utterly unknown. It is true that the Reformation, and especially the Puritan Reformation, indirectly did a great deal to introduce it. It is probable that, when once the charm of infallible authority was broken, religious liberty must unavoidably have followed, sooner or later; but nothing is more certain than that no such principle was recognised by any party of those days. Perhaps we should say by any party when in power, for all occasionally appealed to it when they were themselves persecuted, though none thought of it when they were themselves in a position to persecute others. Here and there a speculative statesman may have dreamed of it, or a patriotic prince may have striven in vain to bring it about. "The latitudinarian Paget," who did not want to burn anybody, stands out very honourably in Mr. Froude's last two volumes in

contrast to his contemporaries, who all (with Mr. Froude himself) accepted the great principle of burning somebody, but only differed (as Mr. Froude doubts) as to who were the proper people to burn. William the Silent, again, did all he could to protect Protestant and Papist alike, but from neither Protestant nor Papist did he get the least thanks for so doing. One sovereign actually established real toleration for a short season, but for him we must look beyond the limits of Europe and of Christendom. Akbar certainly found no Western imitators in his own generation. Zealous religionists thought it a sin against God to allow the existence of any worship which they looked upon as sinful. Politic statesmen believed it to be part of the duty of the civil government to regulate at least the external profession of religion on the part of its subjects. With the one, the Dissenter of any sort was a mere Amorite or Amalekite to be rooted out; with the other, he was a disloyal citizen to be coerced by the law into due order and obedience. People found out that the mass was idolatrous, and they immediately asked, not that they might be exempted from any compulsory share in the idolatry, but that the cursed thing might be taken away from among them altogether. That others might conscientiously believe that the mass was right, and that it was a hardship to keep those who thought so from saying and hearing it, no more troubled a true religious reformer than a Jewish prophet troubled himself about the scruples of a conscientious believer in Baal. Everywhere, as soon as a prince or a commonwealth embraced the Reformation, the old religion was immediately proscribed. In Germany, indeed, we hear of something which, at first sight, sounds like religious equality—at least, the professors of both religions are to have equal rights. But this was because Germany was a collection of Sovereign States. Each prince or commonwealth might choose a creed, and Catholic and Protestant States were equal in the national Diet. But the private citizen had no choice. He was bound by the theological decisions of the Elector or the Senate. In France, if the Protestants obtained certain rights, it was because they defended them at the point of the sword; and, after all, what was done was mainly after the German model—the allowance of the new worship in certain cities and places, rather than the real equality of the two creeds throughout the whole land.

England, of course, did not lag behind other nations. The Anglican orthodoxy of Henry, the Protestantism of Edward, the Popery of Mary, the modified Anglican system of Elizabeth, was each in turn the one exclusive national religion to be adhered to by every loyal subject. We sympathize with a Puritan persecuted under Elizabeth, because we sympathize with all who are persecuted for conscience sake. But we do not sympathize with him any more than we do with Lambert and with Forrest, persecuted by Henry, with Gardiner and with Joan Bocher, persecuted by Edward, with Ridley and Latimer persecuted by Mary, or with the Catholic victims of Elizabeth herself. Indeed we sympathize with the Elizabethan Puritans least of all. The others, on all sides—except it be poor Joan Bocher, whom Cranmer burned for talking nonsense—suffered confessorship and martyrdom for something that was worth suffering about; but the Puritans made a disturbance about caps and surplices, the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, and the practice of bowing at the name of Jesus. To say that these things were absolutely sinful and anti-Christian in themselves really seems utter folly. It might be foolish to enforce them, but it was surely still more foolish to break the law, and disturb Church and State for the sake of them. The Bishops surely had the best of the argument when they said—"The things are perfectly indifferent in themselves; but there must be some order, some ceremonies; these are the order and ceremonies ordained by authority, and when they are ordained, the law must be kept." The Puritans themselves said that ministers ought to have some dress to distinguish them from laymen, only it was sinful to wear that particular dress, because the Papists had worn it. Still, absurd as were their scruples, the Elizabethan Puritans were sufferers for a principle, and, as such, they are entitled to some measure of respect. But they only suffered what they inflicted upon others. None were more clamorous than they for the bloodiest laws against the Papists; nor do they seem to have had any scruple about the most barbarous severities exercised against those who went yet further from the Pope than themselves. To be sure, when an unhappy Socinian was burned, there was a certain clamour raised against burning him; but that was because burning was too good a death for him, as being that consecrated by the sufferings of their own martyrs. Had he been merely cut up alive, like a Papist, nobody would have made any objection. And of course, when the Puritans had their own way, they were as little tolerant as pope or bishop. It was no longer enough to be themselves excused from using the Prayer Book—those who wished to use it were no longer allowed to do so. That a state of things could be in which one congregation might say mass, another use the English Prayer Book, and another worship without any set form at all, would have seemed equally monstrous to Bonner, to Whitgift, and to Travers, Cartwright, and Dean Sampson of Christ Church.

Yet, after all, the general cause of civil and religious liberty owed indirectly much to the Reformation and much to the Puritans. When once the notion of an infallible guide was cast aside, it was in vain to try to keep up the notion of one universal

* *The Puritans; or the Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth.* By Samuel Hopkins. In 3 vols. (Vol. I. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. London: Trübner and Co.

national faith. When the divine right of the See of St. Peter was cast aside, it was hopeless permanently to maintain the divine right of a mere national episcopacy or presbytery. The Anglican revolted, first against the jurisdiction, then against the doctrines of Rome; the Puritan revolted against the Anglican; the Independent, the Anabaptist, the Quaker, revolted against Anglican and Puritan alike. Each revolt became, if it could, a conquest, and excluded the system against which it revolted. But such exclusion could never be lasting. Each revolt was a shock to the principle of compulsory authority in religious matters. Those who have once changed cannot in decency assert their own infallibility. They must feel a certain twinge of conscience in punishing others who have only walked in their own steps. To send people to the stake was a far greater crime in Cranmer than it was in Pole. Even in Henry's time, to burn a man as a heretic for denying the newly-invented doctrine of the King's supremacy was felt to be something so monstrous that Henry and Cranmer themselves did not venture upon it more than once. Elizabeth, who once went regularly to mass herself, was ashamed to burn as heretics those who continued to do so. She simply found out various good reasons for plundering the laymen and for embowelling the priests. Consequently, though Catholic Anglican, Protestant Anglican, and Puritan were alike intolerant, yet each indirectly helped to establish the great principle of toleration.

Again, Puritanism incidentally became directly connected with the cause of civil liberty. Quite incidentally, we believe. Say and Hampden did not serve their country better because they were Puritans, than did Robert Fitzwalter, Simon de Montfort, and Roger Bigod, because they were orthodox Catholics. But in the seventeenth century, the cause of the Church and that of the Crown were linked together. Ecclesiastical and civil government were alike carried on in arbitrary and illegal ways. The clergy, who in the thirteenth century had been the leaders of the people, were in the seventeenth the slaves and flatterers of the prince. The throne of Stephen Langton and Robert Winchelsey had now become the resting-place of Laud. The ecclesiastical and civil powers could not be attacked separately—the Puritans and the patriots were united in the same party, and the two characters were often united in the same man. Puritanism helped civil liberty, not because it had any natural affinity with it, but because civil liberty naturally allied itself with the persecuted side in religion.

We do not say that Mr. Hopkins is at all ignorant of all these things. Indeed, he now and then brings forward some of the points which we have just mentioned clearly enough. But he certainly admires the Puritans in their opposition to caps and surplices in a way which we cannot enter into, though, perhaps, it may be quite intelligible at St. George's-in-the-East. And he brings up, as if it were a reasonable ground of censure against Elizabeth, the undoubted fact that she retained many things for the express purpose of conciliating the Catholic party. If one national religion was to be enforced upon everybody, surely it was only reason and justice to try to make it acceptable to as many as possible. As yet, neither Papists nor Puritans thought of leaving the Established Church. They only wished to have it preserved or reformed in their own way. Mr. Froude is at least right in bringing prominently forward (though it is certainly no new discovery of his) that the system of Henry VIII.—Popery without the Pope—was what the English people really wanted. They liked the old ceremonies, and they had no objection to the old doctrines. Probably they rather enjoyed than otherwise the occasional beheading of a duke or burning of a bishop. But they hated the Pope, they hated the Spaniard, they were disgusted with wholesale burnings of utterly helpless and harmless persons. Hence, on the one hand, multitudes were driven into Protestantism simply by the bloody and unnational policy of Mary's reign. On the other hand, many Catholics who had gone along with Henry, who had endured the first days of Edward, who had persuaded themselves that the first Liturgy hardly differed from a mass in English, gradually learned by experience that Popery could not go on without the Pope, and that an independent Anglican church could not fail to become more or less Protestant. Hence the apparent inconsistency of bishops—Bonner himself for one—who had zealously maintained Henry's title as Supreme Head of the Church, being deprived rather than allow Elizabeth's humbler claim to be Supreme Governor. Still, even in the first days of Elizabeth, the necessity of a rupture did not at once appear; and though a Catholic party disapproved in one way and a Protestant party disapproved in another, there was no open schism in either direction till Elizabeth had been several years on the throne. The Anglicanism of Elizabeth was doubtless a compromise; so must have been any religious system which was to have the least chance of national acceptance. And surely experience shows that it was neither an unwise nor an unsuccessful compromise. The "Calvinistic Creed" and the "Popish Liturgy," even with the later addition of the "Arminian Clergy," have worked very well in the long run. We do not undertake to rule theological questions one way or another; but surely something has come out of it practically better than either Pope or Presbyter could have given us.

Mr. Hopkins—to return to our immediate subject—when writing what is more strictly to be called history, writes somewhat less extravagantly than many of his countrymen, though he is far from being free from the national vice of fine writing. But he

seems really to have no notion of the limits which divide romance from history. It has, indeed, latterly become the fashion to begin books professing to be historical with a striking scene something in the style of the late Mr. G. P. R. James. Thus Sir Edward Creasy begins his *History of the Ottomans* with an account of a ride taken by certain people through the middle of Anatolia; and thus, too, Mr. John Morris, Canon of Northampton, begins his *Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury* with an account of a shorter ride taken by certain other people from London to Harrow-on-the-Hill. But both of these are quite outdone by Mr. Samuel Hopkins. He not only begins with a ride and a talk performed at Hampton Court in 1549 by King Edward and his uncle Somerset, but throughout the whole book similar long "Imaginary Conversations" are constantly scattered, which are made out of Mr. Hopkins' own brain, or, at the very best, now and then dramatized out of hints to be found in original writers. In some cases Mr. Hopkins is meagre, if not positively inaccurate, and inferior modern authorities occur rather too often among his references. The following is surely a very inadequate account of the fall of Wolsey:—

Parliament had not met for seven years. During all this time the Pope had given law to Englishmen, and judged them in his courts; his interests had been sustained by oppressions upon all classes and in all branches of business, until lords and commons cringed under the smart of their wrongs. Wolsey, a prince of the Roman Church, had been judge paramount. All judicial transactions had passed in his name and under his seal, as the Pope's lieutenant. The king had permitted this, to be sure; but that did not alter the legal fact. He therefore ordered the Cardinal to be arrested and tried for treason; and he was pronounced guilty under the Statute of Praemunire. The poor man immediately took to his bed; and in a few days died, with the sad words upon his lips: "Had I been as careful to serve the God of heaven, as I have to comply to the will of my earthly king, God would not have left me in mine old age, as the other hath done."

On minor faults we will not dwell at length; but we must ask what is meant by a "*bilious tang*" (p. 190) pervading the writings of Heylin? And we are quite at a loss to know what may be implied by Queen Elizabeth's "virility." "She rejected," Mr. Hopkins tells us, "suitor after suitor, and went through the term of *her virility*, 'a barren stock.'" Is this extraordinary attribute for a female ruler designed as a counterpoise to the famous "churching" of William the Conqueror, when so many candles were lighted in the city of Mantes?

The book is very handsomely printed, and is so far creditable to the University Press of the Transatlantic Cambridge. But we wish that American writers or printers, whichever are the culprits, would learn to divide their syllables. "Bish-op" is very unpleasant; but when it comes to "Nothing," the very plainest etymology in the world, as we should have thought, is utterly cast to the winds.

THE WARS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THIS work is called by the author, in his modest preface, "a compilation from various sources of things proper to be known by all who have the honour to wear their Sovereign's uniform." It is divided into five small red-covered volumes, each of which may supply a store of profitable reading to the soldier or sailor in the odd moments which he has to spare from duty. The Annals commence with the year 1700, and the great actor in the first volume is the Duke of Marlborough, whose campaigns are narrated with a brevity and clearness which, in these days of lengthy and cloudy writing, it is difficult to praise too highly. The gallant author has done good service to the British army and nation by the care and skill which he has bestowed in refreshing the reputation of one of the very greatest of soldiers and politicians. We shall try, by means of this little volume, to make Blenheim and Ramillies something more than the mere names which they have become to all but the most diligent students of their country's history.

On the 1st January, 1700, peace reigned throughout the civilized world. But in November the King of Spain died, and Louis XIV. sent his grandson to take possession of his dominions. Hereupon the Second Grand Alliance was formed between the Emperor, King William III., and the States General to restrain the ambition of France. Early in 1702, King William III. died. He had recommended the Earl of Marlborough to his successor as the man most capable to direct her councils and to lead her armies. In May, war was declared against France, and Marlborough was named Generalissimo of the Allies. On the 2nd July, 1702, he took the command of the allied army, then assembled along the Waal river, near Nimeguen. The French army lay facing it behind the Meuse. From Nimeguen to Bonchain, the scene of Marlborough's last exploit, is about 150 miles; so that all his ten campaigns, except that of Blenheim, and an abortive attempt on the Moselle, began and ended within these narrow limits, and after all his skillful combinations and great victories, he had only driven back the French from one side to the other of the Netherlands. But he commanded a confederate army, and he had the Dutch Field Deputies by his side. In spite of Mr. Thackeray's imputation of French bribes, the reader of this volume will probably feel satisfied that Marlborough would have beaten his country's enemies much more speedily and com-

* *Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century*, Compiled from the most Authentic Histories of the Period. By the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, D.C.L., Major-General in the British Army. Vol. I., 1700—1739. London: Mitchell's Military Library.

pletely than he did but for the blunders of his colleagues, and the obstinacy, timidity, and parsimony of the politicians who controlled his movements. The calmness with which this great man bore disappointments and the loss of opportunities is even more admirable than his vast capacity for planning campaigns and fighting battles. We read that towards the end of the second year of war, "the Duke renewed his entreaty to be allowed to attack the French lines," and a council of war was held, where he was opposed by the Dutch Deputies. "The Duke was made quite ill by this discussion, which lasted six days, but he was obliged to give way." The French were now entrenched near Antwerp, so that they had been forced back about halfway to their own territory, and were compelled to act upon the defensive.

The third campaign opened, in 1704, with gloomy prospects for the Allies. The French confederated forces held the Netherlands with one army and threatened Germany with another, whilst a third commanded the Danube from its source to the frontier of Austria. Marlborough had duly appreciated these perils, and, in concert with Prince Eugene, he had formed the bold design of trusting the protection of Holland to the Dutch army, and leaving in the rear the fortresses and armies of the enemy, while he hastened with all the troops he could collect to save Vienna. The Duke had not only to baffle the penetration of a vigilant enemy, but to extort the consent of a divided Cabinet in England, and to break down the opposition of the Dutch, to an enterprise of infinite peril. For some months he concealed the full scope of his design, and did not propose more than to open the campaign on the Moselle. At length he obtained powers sufficient for the accomplishment of his plan. That plan was very hazardous; but the Duke knew well that in Marshal Villeroy, who was opposed to him in the Low Countries, he left a general who would not understand how to avail himself of the occasion to carry the war across the Dutch frontier during his own absence in the Empire. He said of this Marshal:—"It will be a long time before he will find out what I am about; and when he does find it out, he won't know what to do." On the 10th of May he took the command of his army at Maestricht. On the 25th he reached Coblenz, and on the 24th of June he arrived at Elchingen, on the Danube, the place which, in another great campaign, gave the title of Duke to Marshal Ney. On his march, he had met for the first time Prince Eugene, and also the Margrave of Baden, who commanded the army of the Empire. This Prince, by his differences and jealousies, nearly deranged the whole plan of the campaign. It was at length agreed that the two armies should unite under an alternate command, and that Prince Eugene should direct a separate force on the Rhine. It was under these hopeful circumstances—commanding the confederate army one day, while the obstinate Margrave commanded it on the next—that Marlborough commenced operations on the Danube. To add to his anxieties, he learned that Overkirk was blundering with the army which he had left on the Dutch frontier. When Marlborough advanced to Elchingen, the Elector of Bavaria retired down the Danube to an entrenched camp near Dettingen, and detached a force to occupy the Schellenberg, a height overhanging the important town of Donauwörth, further down the river. Marlborough insisted on an immediate attack on this position, but his colleague, the Margrave, hesitated. Next day, when the command came by turn to Marlborough, he led the army round the enemy to the foot of the Schellenberg, and, after an obstinate conflict, carried the unfinished works with heavy loss. It is noticed, as a proof of the rare humanity of Marlborough, that he had given orders to establish an hospital for the wounded. He now crossed the Danube and entered Bavaria, and encamped between the Elector's army and his dominions. But the French, who had been completely bewildered by Marlborough's advance, were now marching through the Black Forest to join their ally. Prince Eugene marched from the Rhine parallel to them, and joined Marlborough. Their first measure was to get rid of the Margrave, who was persuaded to go and besiege Ingoldstadt. On the 12th August the junction of their armies was completely effected at Donauwörth, which is on the left bank of the Danube, and the two generals rode out to reconnoitre the position which the Franco-Bavarian army was now taking up, and instantly resolved to attack it, before the confusion inseparable from a change of camps should be over. But in truth they felt themselves under an absolute necessity to fight a battle. On the 13th August, 1704, the enemy's line extended from the village of Blindheim, on the Danube—which the English call Blenheim—to the rear of Oberglauch, and thence to Lutzingen, having the little river Nebel along its front. The great fault of this disposition lay in the divided command of the two French marshals, Tallard and Marsin. Each posted his army as if on parade, with infantry in the centre and cavalry on the wings, so that in the centre of the position was a gap unoccupied by infantry. The allied generals perceived this vicious arrangement, and took advantage of it. "It was agreed that whilst Prince Eugene should move to the right to attack and turn the left flank of Marshal Marsin and the Elector's army, Marlborough should move cavalry and infantry across the river Nebel, and force himself between the two armies in the centre, while, at the same time, every effort should be made to carry the villages of Blindheim and Oberglauch."

The allied armies had moved from their camp before three

o'clock in the morning. Prince Eugene encountered great difficulties in reaching the position assigned to him, and it was midday before he was ready to engage. About one o'clock Lord Cutts commenced the attack on Blindheim. At five o'clock neither the Prince on the right nor Lord Cutts on the left had made any impression on the enemy. But the latter, by his vigorous assaults, detained twenty-nine battalions of French infantry in Blindheim, while Marlborough crossed the Nebel, and after much hard fighting finally established himself in the centre of the French lines. This success was decisive. The French cavalry in the centre fled. About ten o'clock Prince Eugene saw the troops opposed to him preparing to retreat. But the French infantry still held Blindheim. Marshal Tallard was now a prisoner in the hands of the English, so that no orders could come to them to surrender it; and besides, the barricades which they had erected against the English now hindered their own retreat. Finally eleven thousand men surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Marlborough wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper to his wife, desiring her to let the Queen know that his army had had a glorious victory. It was indeed a complete and splendid triumph. Of the Franco-Bavarian army of sixty thousand men, not twenty thousand were ever reassembled. The wreck of this army retreated beyond the Rhine. And amid the consternation which prevailed in France, further and greater successes appeared to offer themselves to the allies. But the Margrave of Baden had now rejoined his colleagues, and he insisted that the victorious army should undertake the siege of Landau. Thus the taking of this place was the only immediate result of the victory of Blenheim, except indeed the delivery of the Empire from extreme danger, and the influence in the councils of the allies which it secured to the country of Marlborough.

The campaign of 1705 was opened by Marlborough on the Moselle. But the defection of the Margrave of Baden marred his plans; and finding himself obliged to retreat, he sent in a note with a trumpet to Marshal Villars, who was opposed to him, to apologize for thus decamping. But, in truth, intelligence of an alarming character had determined him to return to the Netherlands. After relieving Liege, which was besieged, he forced the French lines along the Meuse, and subsequently drew the enemy into a position near Waterloo, where he might have annihilated them; but the Dutch field-deputies refused to let their troops act. Next year the Dutch were thoroughly alarmed at the early successes of the French on the side of Germany; and so they gave their deputies instructions to obey Marlborough. Hitherto, Marshal Villeroy, who commanded the French, had been willing to listen to the prudent counsels of his generals; but now his own hot-headed presumption urged him to quit his entrenched camp. The blow fell at once. On the 23rd of May, 1706, the French army occupied a position near the village of Ramillies, looking nearly south, and having Louvain and Brussels in their rear. Marlborough perceived at a glance that the French left, placed in a fork of swampy land between the branches which form the Little Geete river, would be useless for any offensive movement during the battle. He knew, therefore, that he need not trouble himself about the French left, and determined to fall with all his force on the village of Ramillies in the centre. The presumptuous Villeroy was in vain warned of his dangers by one of his generals, who told him that "All the left remains useless with its nose in the marsh." It took Marlborough five hours to change the order of his attack, but Villeroy refused to profit by the time thus allowed him to amend his vicious disposition. On the contrary, he was induced by a demonstration made by Marlborough to march troops to reinforce his left. Then Marlborough used his utmost efforts to carry the village of Ramillies and to overpower the French centre and right. In this he ultimately succeeded, and then he ordered the troops which had carried Ramillies to move to their right and make a final blow. At the same time, the British troops who had been watching the French left forced their way through the morass and fell upon the troops opposed to them. "The waving mass of the French army which had hitherto maintained some degree of order, now burst from all control, and spread in all directions like a scattered swarm." Almost all the cannon and all the baggage were captured, and the French army was utterly dispersed. The French lost by this defeat the whole of the Spanish Netherlands. Louvain, Mechlin, Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges immediately submitted to King Charles. Antwerp next surrendered; and so, after a short siege, did Ostend. Menin, Dendermonde, and Ath were also taken. Vendôme, who had superseded Villeroy, could do nothing to interrupt these sieges, and although far more capable than his predecessor, he also was defeated no less signally by Marlborough. But the battle of Oudenarde, and the siege of Lille, deserve a fuller notice than we could now bestow upon them.

THE POPE AND THE CARDINALS.*

ONE of the peculiarities of Papal controversialists in recent times has been that they turn every political discussion into a personal question. Though the Romanists in all parts of the world are very enthusiastic in favour of the temporal power of

* *Préliminaires de la Question Romaine de M. Ed. About. Par F. Petrucci de la Gattina. Londres: Trübner. 1860.*

the Pope, no defence has appeared of the system of administration which has been the subject of so much satire and so much invective. To all exposures of the Papal Government its advocates have never replied, except by a eulogy of the Pope. If you tell them that the roads are bad, they answer that the Pope dines on five francs a day. If you lament over the wretchedness of the police or the corruption of the courts of justice, they point out to you that the Pope sleeps on a truckle-bed, and has no carpet in his room. If you urge that the expenditure is prodigal and the finances hopelessly confused, and that the thriftless landlordship of the monks is turning the land into a desert, they remind you that the Pope drinks nothing more luxurious than iced lemonade. In the same way, during the late reign at Naples, English converts used to repel all insinuations concerning the system of government pursued there by assuring you that the King must be the best of men, for, having by his office a right to kiss the Pope's thumb, he voluntarily demeaned himself to kiss his great toe. It is not a very logical line of argument, and was not a very satisfactory one to the suffering Italians; for, even assuming that they believed all they were told of the Pope's seraphic character, the contrast between its intrinsic excellence and its results when applied to sublunary affairs, only had the effect of making them wish that he might receive an early promotion to the sainthood for which he is evidently destined. But, as the Papal Government obstinately refused to furnish its apologists with any sort of facts, vague panegyric was the only resource left open to them; and even if it had been more communicative, the manipulation of dry and perhaps adverse statistics was a much more troublesome task than the application, just for once in a way, to a living man, of a little of that unctuous eulogy which they always keep in stock for saints' days. The great advantage of giving this form to the controversy was that it distracted attention from the real points in issue, and was in its nature so interminable that it offered a fair hope of tiring the world of the whole affair.

Of course what the Pope's advocates sought to effect the Pope's adversaries should have carefully eschewed. With so good a cause to fight, they should have had the wisdom, if not the good taste, to avoid joining issue on the character of Pio Nono. Even, therefore, if the work before us had been written with the most exquisite delicacy, it would still have been a great mistake, degrading a national into a personal cause, and turning a political discussion in which the hearts of men are deeply interested into a mere scolding-match. But, written as it is, it brings a far deeper dishonour on the cause which it professes to promote. M. de la Gattina doubtless sympathizes, though he is too staunch a Republican to do so very heartily, with Garibaldi's crusade of liberty; and he steps forward at this moment to do his little possible to aid the blows which the hero is striking at their common enemy. Garibaldi strikes at their bodies, and M. de la Gattina strikes at their reputations, and, no doubt, does not consider himself the least efficient champion of the two. It is a remarkable proof of the degradation to which oppression may reduce the popular standard of morality, that an Italian, apparently of some consideration, should imagine that the noblest of all causes, cheered on by all the free thought of Europe, can be aided by the most infamous collection of libels that has issued for many years from any portion of the European press. The book is an extraordinary display of audacity in more forms than one. It is not everybody that would like to invite a comparison between his own style and that of M. Edmond About. The book professes to be an introduction to M. About's book, but in reality is a sort of supplement to it, containing all the merely personal gossip concerning actors in the present or in recent pontificates which M. About no doubt heard at Rome, but the mention of which he had the good taste to restrict within very narrow limits. But still the author is, naturally enough, so anxious to affiliate the book to M. About, that it is M. About's name, and not his own, that appears upon the title-page—an appropriation of peacocks' plumes, however, for which he thought it prudent formally to ask M. About's permission. The celebrated pamphleteer accords it in terms of great apparent civility and a good deal of veiled satire. The external form, the type, the paper, the cover, and all the minute accessories of *La Question Romaine* are carefully copied, and the writer does his best to copy also the sparkling style and pungent epigram of his model. But the jocularity is somewhat massive, reminding one constantly of the donkey and the lap-dog; and the constant straining after an epigram betrays the writer into even more bad language than he probably intended to employ.

The whole work is one long demand on our faith. It deals entirely with matters the truth concerning which the majority of men can neither know nor test. It is either a precious and marvellous disclosure, or an impudent romance. Everything the author tells us is from behind the scenes. Asmodeus himself could not have unveiled the secrets of mankind with more confidence or more detail. All the secret history of the diplomatic intrigues of the last forty years, the whole course of the private lives of those who bore a part in them, lie open before his eye, and are unhesitatingly communicated to his reader. And yet, for all that appears, he seems to have been a hunted and undistinguished Carbonaro all the while. Even if the work had been freed from all attacks on private character, its smart style and audacious self-assurance would have placed it in the same category of credibility as the "Talk of the Clubs" furnished to the *New York*

Tribune. But M. de la Gattina deserves a much lower circle in the purgatory of criticism than the voracious chronicler of Messrs. Smith and Elder's dinners, for he uses his active powers of invention, not merely to amuse the public, but systematically to traduce the private character of every one, male and female, to whom he is politically opposed. So comprehensive is his defamation, that it is difficult to resist the illusion that it is some one of the notorious Italian satirists of the sixteenth century describing the society of a bygone age. His favourite accusations, as with all libellers of this stamp, are charges of some kind or other of sensual excess. He spares neither the living nor the dead. There is one chapter, describing Gregory the Sixteenth and his Court, which is a curiosity of literature as an illustration of the depths to which political animosity will descend. It is a kind of illicit *Almanach de Gotha* of the Roman Court of that period, giving in detail a list of the various prelates and cardinals of which that Court was composed, together with the names, families, and husbands of the various ladies who are supposed to have acted in the capacity of "nieces" to each holy man—the whole interspersed with such anecdotes as seem to the author likely to relieve the dullness of a mere roll of names. We must be excused from making quotations—we might as well make quotations from Brantôme. Suffice it to say, that about twenty prelates, and a much larger number of ladies, make their appearance in this *Chronique Scandaleuse*. Many of the personages with whose private life the author displays so marvellous a familiarity are still alive; but the author seems to confide in the Protestant prejudices of an English jury to shield him from the arm of the law of libel. After the *Achilli* case, it is always impossible to predict how far a jury may take a polemical view of any legal issue. But if no theology were in question, M. de la Gattina would very soon find that there are limits even to the English freedom of the press on which he relies so confidently in his preface.

The author's character of the two Popes under whom he appears to have suffered is so grotesque a caricature that it deprives the whole book of any force or value. He attacks them, not so much for their incapacity or for the evil system which they administered, as for their personal morality, which is precisely the point on which they are least assailable. Gregory XVI. is described as an Elagabalus, Pio Nono as a sort of Don Juan. The one is generally over-eating himself, always getting drunk, and displaying, in the intervals of these excesses, an undue attachment to barbers' wives, Frascati peasant-girls, and the like. Pio Nono, on the other hand, is gallant, not epicurean, and has the good taste to confine his conquests to polite society; and after a varied career among noble houses, in which the crimes of adultery, incest, and cheating at cards are laid to his charge, has, in his old age, shown a becoming preference for things spiritual, and remains faithful to an Abbess, whose name, of course, is given. As, in speaking of the present Pope, we are dealing with a well-known personage whose purity and devoutness no sane man in Europe doubts, we may venture, without the danger of giving currency to a libel, to subjoin a specimen of the author's defamatory powers:—

La femme exerce surtout sur lui une puissance magnétique et irrésistible. La voix, le regard, d'une femme le plongent dans une affaissement de volonté suprême. Etant jeune homme, ses maîtresses le poussaient ou le retiraient, le retardèrent ou l'élevèrent, soit ouvertement soit en cachette. A l'âge mur, l'influence de la femme a dirigé sa conduite. Pape, il obéit encore à cette force. Avant hier, Dona Clara Colonna en fit un libéral. Hier, la Comtesse de Spaur le prostituait à l'Autriche. Demain, une jolie miss devenant catholique l'exaltera contre Lord Palmerston. Après demain, une duchesse du noble faubourg en fera un apôtre de Henri V. La Reine de Naples en fit une bonne d'enfant à Giète, et un complice du Roi Gibet. Vieillard et malade ne pouvant plus aimer, il invente maintenant le dogme de l'Immaculée Conception. La Vierge du Ciel est la Montespan du vieillard.

We have given nothing like an adequate conception of the infamy of this publication, because we could not do so without repeating its offences. It is so atrocious that, even of the charges in it that may be true, not one will reach its mark. That the filth the author flings so liberally about should return back upon his own head is only the fitting meed of his labours. Unfortunately, some of it will also light upon the noble cause of which he is the ignoble advocate. If we were living in the good old days of Jesuit intrigues, we should have said that the book was the crafty device of some Jesuit in disguise. The nominal sufferers are the Pope and Cardinals; but the persons whom it really injures, so far as it has any influence at all, are the liberators of Italy.

LIFE AND POEMS OF WILLIAM DUNBAR.*

ENGLAND and Scotland, hostile to each other until after the union of their crowns, and long afterwards ill-assorted neighbours, were, nevertheless, not without their literary affinities at very early as well as at recent periods. Burns was the contemporary of Cowper and Crabbe, Allan Ramsay of Pope and Swift, and William Dunbar, a portion of whose poems is now before us, was the admirer and the disciple of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate. Scotland, indeed, has more than once trimmed the lamp of literature at times when it burned but feebly in South Britain. One of such periods of decadence as regards England was the latter half of the fifteenth century. The Wars

* *The Life and Poems of William Dunbar*. By James Paterson. Edinburgh: 1860.

of the Roses scared away learning and poetry alike. But at this very epoch Scotland produced a race of genuine poets who, in the words of Warton, "displayed a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a fertility of imagination not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgate." The explanation of the contrast is easy. In James IV. Scotland possessed an active and intelligent patron of every art, while his reign, though unfortunate at the close, was for many years peaceful and prosperous, owing to the even justice maintained by him, and to the firm hand with which he suppressed the feuds of his nobles. In Henry VI., Edward IV., and his immediate successors, England was ruled by sovereigns either busy in usurping the rights of others or absorbed in securing their own.

Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, was the first editor of all the extant poems of a writer whom Crabbe styled "a giant," and whom Sir Walter Scott affirms to be "unrivalled by any poet Scotland has ever produced." Mr. James Paterson's collection is less comprehensive than Mr. Laing's, who indeed published many poems ascribed on supposition only to this author, and included in his volumes some pieces so indelicate as to deserve oblivion, even if their merits had been more conspicuous than they are. Mr. Paterson judiciously omits these blots on sense and decency, banishes some apocryphal pieces, and generally gives a more correct text than Mr. Laing of those which he selects. The poems in his recently published volume are accompanied by a life of Dunbar; and the verses and biographical sketch mutually illustrate each other. Owing to the ancient form of the dialect in which they are written, the poems of Dunbar are not easy reading without the aid of a glossary, at least for readers born south of the Tweed. The poet himself is an interesting personage, and we shall speak of him rather than of his works. He entered largely into the deeds and thoughts of the world in which he lived; his faculties and opportunities for observing were alike favourable; and he is not only one of the best poets, but also, so far as regards his manners and morals in a rude age, one of the best historiographers of his native land.

Though seven cities did not contend for the honour of giving him birth, the origin of William Dunbar is sufficiently obscure. The first register which records his name is that of the University of St. Andrews, where he graduated as Bachelor of Arts in 1477, and as Master two years later. A student, even in days when mere boys were sent to College, was bound to attend lectures and perform exercises three years before he could graduate. From the earlier of these dates we may therefore conjecture his birth-year to have been 1460. Yet there is reason to think that he was more than seventeen years old when he wrote B.A. after his name. If he were a young man when he complained to King James of unrequited services and delayed preferment, he was of that numerous class which expects youth, no less than riper years, to be handsomely and promptly rewarded.

Dunbar has told us little enough about himself. A contemporary and rival has told a little more, and in his, as in so many other instances, biography is under obligations to the quarrels of authors. In Walter Kennedy, Dunbar had his John Dennis; nor does any pair of heroes in the *Dunciad* belabour each other more heartily than did these fervid Scotchmen. On their joint deposition, however, combined with some internal evidence from the poems and some gleanings from public documents, rests all that can be known of the circumstances and character of one who was honoured in his lifetime, and is remembered centuries after he ceased to live. Probably this is partly due to the Calvinistic spirit of Scotland in the interim. Dunbar wrote many devout poems, but they are not after the fashion or the taste of the psalms and hymns of the Kirk. He sent abroad many pieces also which savoured strongly of what the stricter sort accounted the devices of Satan, and these have given him a bad name. Happily, Bannatyne, Maitland, Reidpath, and Asloane thought both kinds of his verse worth preserving—otherwise the present world would have probably "wanted one poet more." From the scattered and obscure facts which successive labourers in early Scottish literature have collected, Mr. Paterson has constructed a tolerably clear outline of the poet's position and career. He surmises him to have been a Lothian man by birth—affecting, however, some relationship with the Saxons of England, and priding himself on "fairer Inglis" than his contemporaries, Kennedy among them, could write or speak. Whether he were one of the Dunbars of Beill, "almost the only branch of the Earls of March which survived the attainder of that family by James I.," must remain uncertain. Kennedy derogates both from his person and his family. "Nature," says this shrewd-tongued adversary, "made Dunbar *ane gyle*, that is, a dwarf, and his parents sent him to the parish as a "want-thriven-funling" (foundling). But if it were so, how came "Magister Gulielmus" a Bachelor of Arts in St. Salvator's College, Glasgow? Even Dominic Sampson had his pittance to keep soul and body together "in statu pupillari," but a *funling* would probably have been set to tend sheep or sow oats. Master of Arts, however, he certainly became, and shortly after his graduation in 1479, a Friar Observantine of the Order of St. Francis, or Grey Friars, a branch of whom was established at Edinburgh by James I., as the Grey Friars Church in that city testifies to this day. But "*ecullus non fecit monachum*"—"Maister William" liked not the life contemplative, and as soon as he could, dropped

his cord and gown. Next he became a Pardoner, for so Kennedy affirms in *The Flying* :—

Fra Attrick Forrest furth ward to Dumfreis
Thow beggit with ane pardon in all Kirkis.

And Dunbar all but admits the charge. From Chaucer we know that, even a century earlier, the vocation of pardon-selling was in no good repute; and John Heywood, in his play of the *Four P's*, represents it as the occupation of arrant knaves. Better days were at hand. Dunbar had those gifts which Dogberry says come by nature—he could "read and write," and perhaps was a fairly accomplished clerk, since he is supposed to have been among the Secretaries of the Embassy to France which sailed, under the Earl of Bothwell, from Berwick, in 1491. Whether this or a later date were the epoch of his advancement is uncertain; but there is no doubt that Dunbar was employed in the diplomatic line—"the Kingis erandis," as he termed it—for several years, and that in that period he saw many cities and many men. In his "Complaint to the King" he murmurs at his low salary; and in another address to his Majesty he affords some insight into the course of his travels :—

Nocht I say this, by this countrie,
France, England, Ireland, Almanie,
Bot als be Italie and Spaine,
Quhilk to consider is ane paine.

If, as there is reason to suppose, his salary was only 10*l.* Scots, his complaint of insufficient guerdon is not unreasonable; but his grumbling at the bad roads and inns, "the land rats and water rats" he encountered in his travels, is not so justifiable, more especially since he visited Ireland, and lived in a century innocent of Macadamized roads, constabulary police, direction-posts, street-lamps, boards of sewers, and other inventions of civilized mankind.

Amid the many perplexities in the record of Dunbar's life, is the probability, if not the fact, that he expected a bishopric! He says, in one of his remonstrances to the King—

I wes in yowth on nureiss knee
Dandely! bishop, dandely!
And quhen that age now dois me greif,
Ane sempill vicar I can nocht be.

Had he, then, friends at Court, or was this expectation only another example of the vanity of human wishes?

Probably as soon as Dunbar's talents for business brought him into notice, his talents for literature forwarded his interests with James IV. more effectually than if he had sprung from a noble house, or possessed ampler means in his purse for gaining preferment. If the King was not a very liberal, he was a most intelligent patron of learned men. No art or science of the time was wholly unknown to him. He encouraged architecture—building the palace of Holyrood, and greatly improving the royal abodes at Stirling and Falkland. Ship-building he fostered—for in this reign the navy of Scotland, both royal and commercial, first attained a respectable footing. He was eminently skilled in jousts and tournaments, and such spectacles call forth the devices of the armourer and the decorator. He established the first printing-press in Scotland. He had a theatre royal at Linlithgow. Hesalaried painters and musicians. "Orators"—that is, a kind of Homerists, or reciters of tales and ballads—were in his pay; and he gave crowns and "unicorns" to native morris-dancers and "French flingers," the Ceritos and Elsers of that day. "Here," for artists and singers, "was a Cesar!" nor did there "come such another" for Scotland. Poor Mary, his granddaughter, was not allowed to indulge in her fine tastes; and James, his great-grandson, though he "was sometimes for masques and revels altogether," was more of a pedant than an *arbitrarius elegantiarum*. After some, we cannot tell how many years, spent in diplomatic service, Dunbar was permanently attached to the Court, ostensibly as a Royal chaplain, but virtually as a writer of "ballads," satires, religious poems (James was occasionally in a devout and penitent mood, like the great Louis), and all manner of occasional verses, new-year and birth-day odes. He was, in fact, though not in title, the poet-laureate of the Court of James IV.

He made the most of his opportunities for observing and portraying mankind, and for the historian of places and manners his writings are most valuable, presenting deeper insights into the Scotland of his time than either Robertson or Tytler afford. In his satirical address "To the Merchants of Edinburgh" (1500-2), he puts before the reader, with the force and liveliness of Fielding or Dickens, "the cries and scolding of the fishwives—the High Cross surrounded by dealers in curds and milk—the Tron by the disposers of cockles, whelks, tripe, and puddings—the streets defiled by the operations of all kinds of craftsmen, and the merchants confined, as in a honey-comb, round the church of St. Giles's, each in his own little hole or *kairn*—numerous beggars piteously crying, and the common minstrels mocking the moon in their evening perambulations round the city." Neither Paris, London, nor Antwerp were, in the fifteenth century, cleanly, well lighted or well conducted places of abode; and Dunbar, who had visited them all, could compare them with Edinburgh. We may infer, therefore, from the pungency of his remonstrance with "the merchants," that the "gude town" was in his day darker, dirtier, more noisy and odorous than any of the Continental cities where he had seen and suffered from ocular, aural, or nasal nuisances.

His genius was wide in its range. Mr. Paterson, with true biographical fervour, says that, in playfulness and flexibility of talents, Dunbar, the scholar, surpassed his master, Chaucer. This opinion will, we think, hardly pass current on the south of the Tweed. He is more correct in saying that Dunbar is deficient in pathos, "at least, there is no instance of his having tried his powers in assailing the heart." "Reason and humour were the principal supports upon which he leaned." It is impossible to arrange his poems in anything like chronological order, and his recent editor has assorted them under two different periods—*aparte ante*, before his employment at Court; *a parte post*, after his permanent attachment to the King's service. The subjects of his verse ranged from gay to grave, from the most lively to the most severe. He wrote poems that would do honour to the *Christian Year*, drinking-songs and amorous ditties that would not discredit Burns, satires as keen-edged as Dryden's, petitions for increase of pay as urgent as Ben Jonson's, allegories and descriptions of natural scenes that stand second to Chaucer's alone, and *vers de société* of which the rude Doricism of the language even now scarcely hides the wit. Mr. Paterson has omitted several poems which Lord Hailes and Mr. Laing include in their collections; but it is most likely that of the verses of William Dunbar time and Calvinistic purism have destroyed at least a third. The Martial and Ovid of a Stuart King was not the man to find favour in the eyes of John Knox.

The date of his death is as uncertain as the year of his birth. He was living in 1517, and apparently, though by no means an economical person, "under no misgivings," just then, "on the score of provision for old age." Mr. Paterson's *Life* contains all that is necessary or possible to be known of an author remarkable enough to have earned the commendations of such critics as Warton and Ellis, and such poets as Thomas Campbell and Sir Walter Scott. His industry is great, his criticism is generally sound, and his little volume is very pleasant reading.

GIOVANNI SANZIO.*

A FEW months ago we noticed the publications of the Arundel Society for the year 1858, and mentioned the promise by the Council that the yearly issues of the Society's pictures should no longer be so much in arrear of the subscriptions. This promise has been redeemed, and the publications for 1859 have already appeared, to be followed soon by those of the current year. If this be due to the greater punctuality of the German artists, Messrs. Storch and Kramer, of Berlin, who are now employed for the chromo-lithography, the members of the Society have reason to rejoice that their plates are no longer executed in England. Nor can we forbear to add that the two plates now published are by far the most beautiful chromo-lithographs that we have yet seen, and prove that the process may be carried to a degree of perfection which we were scarcely prepared to expect. One of these plates, representing a large altar-piece at Cagli, painted in fresco by Giovanni Sanzio, or de' Santi, the father of Raffaele, has been illustrated by an able monograph from the pen of Mr. Layard. It might have been supposed that there was little left to be discovered about the antecedents of Raffaele, after the minute researches of Pungileoni and Passavant. But Mr. Layard, from his personal inquiries and explorations among the remoter valleys of the eastern Apennines, and still more from his original comparative criticism of artistic styles and manners, seems to have succeeded in throwing a fresh light on the primary sources of Raffaele's wondrous art.

He gives a curious and vivid picture of the small but polished court of Urbino, in the midst of which the earliest years of Raffaele's life were passed. Count Federico da Montefeltro, afterwards created Duke of Urbino by Pope Sixtus IV., was one of the most cultivated and refined of the Italian Princes of the fifteenth century. Like most of his contemporaries, he was a *condottiere*, and he commanded the army of the Papal league against Lorenzo de' Medici, in 1478. But no deed of violence or treachery is imputed to him, and "to a character remarkable for its faithfulness and humanity, he added an ardent love of literature, science, and the arts." The palace or castle which he built at Urbino, and which is now inhabited by the Papal legate, is one of the most picturesque buildings of Italy, overhanging a deep ravine, with its approach resting on a bold substructure of arches, with long galleries and stately courts, and an ornate chief entrance, flanked by lofty, circular towers, embattled and turret-crowned. Here he collected a library of books and manuscripts, and a gallery of pictures and statues, as well as of antique sculpture in bronze and marble. His Court attracted the most renowned artists from other parts of Italy; but its chief native ornament was the painter, Giovanni Sanzio, the son of a broker and corn-dealer, who had settled in Urbino after the sacking of his former home in Colbordolo during a foray by Sigismondo Malatesta, the Lord of Rimini. In the neighbouring city of Gubbio, the ancient capital of Umbria, afterwards so famed for its majolica, a school of painting had been founded by Oderigi and his pupil Guido Palmerucci. The former is called "L'onore d'Agobbio" in the *Purgatorio*. The latter—some of whose frescoes remain—would seem to have been considerably indebted

to his great Florentine contemporary, Giotto. Ottaviano Nelli, one of this Eugubian school, is known to have worked in Urbino early in the fifteenth century; and the two brothers, Lorenzo and Jacopo di San Severino (by the former of whom there is a curious altar-piece in our National Gallery) frescoed the oratory of St. John Baptist about the same time. From these works, which show a strong Giottoesque element, but in which "the colouring is warmer, the drawing less mannered, and the sentiment more devotional," Giovanni Sanzio would seem to have borrowed his earliest manner. If, as Rosini assumes, Sanzio was actually a pupil of Ottaviano Nelli, we may attribute to that master's influence the glowing colour, the tender feeling, the gracefulness of form, and the gentle melancholy of expression which were afterwards developed in the style of Perugino, and to still more perfection in that of the consummate Raffaele. Mr. Layard differs from Rosini as to this immediate relation between Nelli and Sanzio; but there is no doubt of the indirect influence exercised by the former on the nascent Umbrian school. We tread upon firmer ground in 1469. In that year the famous Pietro della Francesca, invited to Urbino to paint the portraits of the Duke Federigo and his wife, became the guest of Sanzio, and taught him perspective, of which art Pietro "had been one of the first to determine and explain the true principles." Sanzio was not only a painter but a decent poet. He has left a poem, consisting of twenty-three cantos and 24,000 lines, in fluent *terza rima*, a rhyming chronicle of the deeds and praises of his patron, Federigo da Montefeltro. From the tedious prolixity of this unpublished composition, there have been extracted by patient inquirers a multitude of important facts about the chief artists of the period, and especially about those who worked at Urbino. Among these were Fra Carnevale, the Dominican monk, and Melozzo of Forlì—both very rare and very remarkable painters. Paolo Uccello, the Florentine, famous as the almost inventor of foreshortening, and Luca Signorelli, of Cortona, were also employed at Urbino, and helped to modify the characteristics of the indigenous school. Besides these there was the Fleming, Justus of Ghent, a pupil of John Van Eyck, who had been invited by Duke Frederic to introduce the new method of painting, with oil as a vehicle, into Italy. Sanzio seems to have thought but little of this artist, for he does not even mention him, though he was working at Urbino at this very time. But he calls John Van Eyck "the great," and especially mentions his most famous pupil, Roger Van der Weyden. The painter, however, to whom he himself was most indebted was Andrea Montegna, whose friendship he made when he accompanied the Duke to Mantua in 1482:—

him he calls "the most excellent and worthy in the art of painting of all those who flourished in that illustrious age;" and describes as uniting those various great qualities and beauties which others only possessed singly, and which Giovanni enumerates as, in his opinion, required to form the truly great painter—namely, grandeur of design, which he declares to be "the true foundation of painting;" invention, industry, colour (especially in the art of graduating tints, so as to produce the effects of foreshortening), and the knowledge of the laws of perspective, requiring an acquaintance with arithmetic, geometry, and architecture. He places first among those pursuits which confer glory upon man Poetry and History, and then Sculpture and Painting, and offers some just and well-considered remarks upon the end and functions of the latter art.

Upon these different schools and traditions of art Giovanni Sanzio founded his own somewhat eclectic style. His most important work was the altar-piece, in fresco, for a family chapel belonging to Pietro Tiranni, in the church of S. Domenico at Cagli, a considerable town near Urbino. Thither he went about 1490, being then about fifty years of age, accompanied by his only son Raffaele, then a boy of nine years old. It is this work which the Arundel Society has chosen, with much judgment, for one of its chromo-lithographs. The picture, besides its intrinsic merits, is of singular interest in the history of art. It illustrates the peculiar style of the painter, and shows how that style was formed; and we may trace in it also the influence which the father exercised upon his son—the greatest painter whom the world has yet seen.

The fresco is divided horizontally—not without awkwardness—into two scenes. Below, upon a throne which occupies the end of an oblong apartment, is seated the Virgin holding the Divine Infant. On each side, standing a little back, is a youthful angel. And four saints—on the dexter side, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Peter—on the sinister, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. John the Baptist—occupy the usual positions in compositions of this strictly conventional type. Mr. Layard thinks that it is St. Dominic, and not St. Thomas Aquinas. But we believe he is wrong. The sun upon the breast is the iconological emblem of the latter saint, as we find in the *Attribute der Heiligen*, published at Hanover, in 1843. Above is represented the Resurrection. Our Lord is shown as coming out of a tomb, which opens vertically in an artificial mound or hill-side; and six soldiers, in the military costume of the day, are lying asleep in varied attitudes. The background is a distant mountainous landscape. The latter is very stiff and unnatural. The prevailing tint is a monotonous green; and there is none of the calm beauty of land and sky which Perugino gave to his distances. Still more displeasing are the sleeping guards. They are not unskilfully foreshortened, but their attitudes are exaggerated, their costume frightful, and their prominence in the picture an error in taste. Probably the artist was more proud of these figures, on account of the technical difficulties overcome in their design, than of any

* *Giovanni Sanzio and his Fresco at Cagli.* By A. H. Layard. Printed for the Arundel Society.

other part of the composition. With unusual audacity, the legs of two of the soldiers are made actually to overhang from the rocky platform of the upper group into the lower subject. The figure of the rising Saviour is Peruginesque in attitude, but unfortunately on a smaller scale than the subject below. The nude is fairly drawn; the raiment is white, and golden rays issue from the whole body, forming an aureole. The face, however, is weak, though solemn and pathetic in expression. The forked beard and long flowing hair are of the deep auburn tint which became so common in Umbrian art. The lower half of the composition is, to our mind, far more beautiful than the upper part, which we have described. The architectural perspective is cleverly managed, though the detail of it is as unsatisfactory as is usual in Italian art of that period. The Virgin is tender and dignified in expression, and very purely imagined. There is, however, a certain stunted effect in her sitting attitude, arising, probably, from defective drawing. The child is almost perfect—nude, with the exception of a transparent scarf, and with a radiating aureole to the head. The expression is full of infantine simplicity, and wholly free from affectation. It reminds us much of some of Raffaele's best *Bambini*. Still more charming are the angels who stand one on each side of the canopy. One in particular, the one standing with his arms crossed, which is said to be a portrait of his son Raffaele—and of which a full-sized tracing is included in the Arundel publications for the year—is truly admirable. Mr. Layard well says, "The age would well agree with that of the boy, then nine years old, and in that gentle and beautiful face may perhaps be traced the features which his fond master, Pietro, and he himself in manhood, not unfrequently portrayed." The four saints, who make up the conversazione, are very grandly drawn. Mr. Layard traces the influence of the Florentine school in the St. Peter, which reminds him of Fra Bartolommeo. To our minds the finest of the group is St. Francis, who is represented without extreme emaciation, and with a singularly devout and benevolent expression. The St. Thomas Aquinas is burly and unrefined, and the Baptist is, as usual, a rather painful figure. The austerity of this hermit-like saint is always a difficult thing for a painter to render satisfactorily.

It is scarcely fair to judge of the colouring, even from this most successful chromo-lithograph. It seems, however, very harmonious and delicate. Mr. Layard desiderates in it the brilliant glow of the Umbrian school on the one hand, and the sober truthfulness of the contemporary Florentines on the other. "It is," he says, "peculiarly Giovanni's own, and gives that distinguishing character or style to his works by which they may at once be detected." Summing up this painter's merits in his profession, he remarks that he was "a laborious and loving follower of his art, indebted for any success he attained in it rather to painstaking and conscientious study, and to a correct taste, than to the fire of genius and that lofty imagination which mark the truly great and original painter." It is certain, however, to any one who will attentively study this fresco, that all his best qualities were transmitted to his son. Four years after painting at Cagli, Giovanni died, and Raffaele was sent by his maternal uncle to continue his studies under Perugino. We owe it to the Arundel Society that we can now understand how much he was indebted to his father for his earliest training in his art.

This chromo-lithograph and Mr. Layard's excellent essay are the most important portion of the Arundel Society's publications for last year. But in addition, the subscribers receive a most beautiful chromo-lithograph, from a group of the Virgin and Child, with the donor of the picture, taken from a fresco by Leonardo da Vinci in a lunette from the monastery of S. Onofrio, at Rome. Of the Virgin's head from this noble group a full-sized tracing is also given, engraved in outline by Signor Bartocini, and there are, moreover, two more wood engravings in continuation from the Arena series at Padua. The Society, as we have before said, is fully deserving of its undoubted success, and we are glad that it not only gives its subscribers early pictures, like that at Cagli, which are invaluable for the light they throw upon the history of art, but also specimens of almost perfect design, such as this little known fresco from S. Onofrio, by the great founder of the Milanese school.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.*

MR. WILKIE COLLINS is an admirable story-teller, though he is not a great novelist. His plots are framed with artistic ingenuity—he unfolds them bit by bit, clearly, and with great care—and each chapter is a most skilful sequel to the chapter before. He does not attempt to paint character or passion. He is not in the least imaginative. He is not by any means a master of pathos. The fascination which he exercises over the mind of his reader consists in this—that he is a good constructor. Each of his stories is a puzzle, the key to which is not handed to us till the third volume. Each part is elaborated only so far as is consistent with its due subordination to the whole. He allows nothing to distract our attention from the narrative, or to induce us to forget that what he is putting before us is a riddle, and has its answer. The great object of the author—the one man who is behind the scenes—is to say what he has got to say so well as to make us follow up the thread he gives us right on to the very end. At the end comes the explanation.

* *The Woman in White*. By Wilkie Collins, Author of the "Dead Secret," and "After Dark." 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1860.

The secret spring is touched—the lock flies open—the novel is done. Mr. Wilkie Collins is content to accept from us the kind of homage that a skilful talker extorts from his audience. We have heard him with eager curiosity to the close. We have spent some exciting hours over the charade, and have been at last obliged to come to him in despair for the solution.

With him, accordingly, character, passion, and pathos are mere accessory colouring which he employs to set off the central situation in his narrative. All the architecture of his plot tapers to one point, and is to be interpreted by one idea. Men and women he draws, not for the sake of illustrating human nature and life's varied phases, or exercising his own powers of creation, but simply and solely with reference to the part it is necessary they should play in tangling or disentangling his argument. None of his characters are to be seen looking about them. They are not occupied in by-play. They are not staring at the spectators, or, if they are, they are staring listlessly and vacantly, like witnesses who are waiting to be called before the court, and have nothing to do until their turn arrives. There they stand, most of them, like ourselves, in rapt attention, on the stretch to take their share in the action of the central group—their eyes bent in one direction—their movement converging upon one centre—half-painted, sketchy figures, grouped with sole relation to the unknown mystery in the middle. The link of interest that binds them is that they are all interested in the great secret. By the time the secret is disclosed, the bond of unity will have been broken—the action of the drama in which they figure will have been finished—and they will go their own ways in twos and threes, and never meet again.

To use a long but expressive word, there is nothing architectonic about the mind of Mr. Wilkie Collins. He is, as we have said, a very ingenious constructor; but ingenious construction is not high art, just as cabinet-making and joining is not high art. Mechanical talent is what every great artist ought to possess. Mechanical talent, however, is not enough to entitle a man to rank as a great artist. When we have said that Mr. Wilkie Collins succeeds in keeping up our excitement by the happy way in which he interweaves with mystery incident just sufficiently probable not to be extravagant, and that he is an adept at administering continual stimulants to our attention, we have said all. Nobody ever leaves one of his tales unfinished. This is a great compliment to his skill. But then very few feel at all inclined to read them a second time. Our curiosity once satisfied, the charm is gone. All that is left us is to admire the art with which the curiosity was excited. Probably he himself would hardly expect us to use his books as we use really great books—for companions of our solitude. His are works not so much for the library as for the circulating library. We should prefer hiring them out as we hire out a Chinese conjuror—for the night. As soon as we have found out the secret of his tricks, and admired the clever way in which he does them, we send him home again. Just so it is necessary to the enjoyment of Mr. Wilkie Collins's writings that we should not have read them before, or should have forgotten all about them since the first perusal.

The *Woman in White* is a longer and more sustained story than we are in the habit of receiving from his pen. In other respects, it is pretty nearly of the same stamp with his earlier creations. In this, as in the rest, we are much less interested in the people than in what happens to the people. Like the women in Pope, most of Mr. Wilkie Collins's characters have no character at all. There is one exception, or rather what looks like an exception, in the *Woman in White*. Count Fosco, the Italian villain of the piece, is a clever conception, though we are not prepared to say that it is altogether as original a conception as Mr. Wilkie Collins appears to imagine. This character is drawn with much more life and animation than the rest. It is clear that the author has an interest in him beyond what he feels for him as a mere instrument in the plot. But then, half of the reason that he is better drawn is that he is easier to draw, both because he is a foreigner, and because he is eccentric in his figure and conversation. The other half of the reason is, that he is what Mr. Wilkie Collins is so fond of—a puzzle. Subtract from him his eccentricities, his Italianisms, and his corpulency—what is left? Simply this, that he is a very undecipherable villain. The author has put him together, just as he puts together his mysterious plots. The only difference is that Mr. Wilkie Collins gives us the key to the plot, and cannot, or does not, give us any key to the villain. So far he is right. Circumstances are an enigma, which it is the task of the storyteller artfully to solve. Human nature is an enigma which the truest painter will leave unsolved, and unattempted.

The other personages in the book seem to be an exact illustration of the above remarks. They have characteristics, but not character. They might all be summed up in as many sentences as there are personages. One is a silly hypochondriac. There is merit, but not much merit, in making him talk like one. Another is a good-natured family lawyer of the old school. A third is a brave and determined lady. A fourth, who is a quiet little Italian music-master, in point of value comes next to the Italian villain. The reason is, that a good narrator like Mr. Wilkie Collins finds it easier to sketch a music-master than a man who is nobody in particular, and easiest of all to sketch a music-master who has this additional peculiarity that he is an Italian. Far the most interesting part about any of Mr. Collins's characters is the manner or degree in which he or she adds to the complication

of the story. Remove all that there is of rather improbable incident in the *Woman in White*, and you might burn what remains without depriving the world of any imaginative creation, any delineation of character, or portrait of human nature worth preserving. Mr. Wilkie Collins would perhaps reply that he is not to be judged except on his own ground—that he is not to be condemned for failing where he has not attempted to succeed. This we cannot allow. It is the duty of those who wish to criticise honestly and fairly to state explicitly the position which a book in their opinion occupies, weighed in the balance with what is first-rate. Estimated by the standard of great novels, the *Woman in White* is nowhere. It certainly is not pure gold. It is not even gold with an alloy. It is an inferior metal altogether, though good and valuable of its kind.

The story of the *Woman in White* is related in a way at once pleasing, novel, and ingenious. Each actor in the scene contributes his quota of evidence, narrates what he has seen and done, so far as his sayings or doings bear upon the issue of the whole transaction, and then makes way for a succeeding witness and narrator. It is scarcely necessary to point out the advantage which the constructor of a tale of mystery thus gains. First of all, the great secret never can be revealed, and the author guards himself from revealing it, prematurely—for the actors are as much in the dark as the reader on the subject, and the author, in *propria persona*, does not trust himself to speak. Secondly, the description is thus made lifelike and spirited—just as *venit, vidi, vici* is more spirited than *venit, vidit, vicit*. Lastly, by such means, the action of the tale is presented to us semidramatically from various points of view, and recounted in a manner which, in the case of the *Woman in White*, either is, or at least is supposed by Mr. Wilkie Collins to be, congenial to, and characteristic of the various actors. Indeed, Mr. Wilkie Collins neglects none of those little artifices which are easily seen through, but which, on the whole, have a certain kind of influence on the casual reader, in lending a spurious air of reality to what he reads. Asterisks, cleverly inserted in a letter, afford the novelist an opportunity for remarking in a note that they represent passages which he has thought it expedient to omit. This, for a single moment, gives him the air of a veracious historian, and excuses him at the same time from drawing on his constructive powers for more than is absolutely requisite to his general purpose. The device of painting oneself as unwilling to transcribe and print what in reality never has been composed, is very neat, and has the advantage, at the same time, of calling attention to one's capabilities of reticence. Then, again, Mr. Wilkie Collins (and again in a foot-note) feels it his duty upon conscientious grounds to decline giving the name of an awful Society whose existence he has gratuitously invented in the text. So we call it the Brotherhood, by his directions—an expedient which will no doubt prevent much bloodshed in Leicester-square. This is also tremendously lifelike, adds to the sum total of the air of mystery, and makes the female reader shudder. In reality, it is a puerile and unworthy trick, and one that shows that Mr. Wilkie Collins mistakes the object of true art, which is certainly not to deceive. In spite of this little weakness, whatever the machinery of Mr. Collins be worth, he works it on the whole well. The last twenty or thirty pages in the second volume are a capital specimen of his best mechanical mannerism. Nor is there less talent in the way in which the author, at the close of each diary or piece of evidence, leaves us with expectations actually increased, and eager for the next revelation. We are reminded of an oratorical artifice which is said to have been the creation of the lively mind of the late Dr. Wolff. That great man, whenever he was describing his personal experiences of the King of Bokhara, or some other savage chieftain of the kind, and had arrived in his narrative at the part where he himself had just been sewn up alive in the stomach of an ox for roasting, used to pause, and close his discourse. "How it pleased Almighty God," he would conclude, "to deliver me from the stomach of the ox, I will relate in my next lecture."

The *Woman in White* has already appeared in numbers in the columns of Mr. Dickens's serial. On the present occasion it would be unnecessary, and perhaps unfair to the story, considering its nature, to analyze it in detail. Before quitting the subject, there is one remark we feel bound to make. We have often suggested that every novelist should keep a professional adviser. It would be a source of pecuniary profit to the legal profession, and of much peace of mind to imaginative authors. Mr. Wilkie Collins, in particular, on the subject of life estates, is either more obscure in his expressions, or else less sound in his law, than we could wish. As the case at present stands, we cannot help thinking that half the crime and folly in the tale has been committed in consequence of a misconception. If Mr. Collins is not unjustifiably unintelligible, the titled villains of the story must have been unjustifiably stupid. Before the second edition appears, we trust the author will either explain himself better, or else get his property tied up by a professional man.

THE LETTERS OF VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.*

AMONG the many useful reforms which the Germans are prosecuting with so much energy, we beg to recommend the institution of a school for teaching literary young ladies the

* *Briefe an eine Freundin. Aus den Jahren 1844 bis 1853.* Von Varnhagen von Ense. Hamburg: Hoffmann. London: Williams and Norgate, 1860.

rudiments of good taste. We have already seen, during the present year, how Madlle. Ludmilla Assing, the editress of *Humboldt's Letters*, set at naught every honourable obligation to secrecy in order to give a relish to her book. The piquancy which Varnhagen's diary lent to her collection has, no doubt, stimulated another young lady, Madlle. Bölte, to try a similar adventure with his letters to herself. Though they are not so savage in their commentary upon men and things as the remarks he reserved for his own eye, yet they contain plenty of allusions which must be painful to people still alive; and he himself, more than once, charges his correspondent to keep his observations secret. Neither of these considerations, however, has had the slightest effect in bridling Madlle. Bölte's literary zeal. She appears to have been living in Mr. Carlyle's family, and to have sedulously hived up, for the amusement of her old friend at Berlin, both the gossip and the opinions of the circle in which she lived. Varnhagen replied with the freedom of a man who does not write with the fear of the printing-press before his eyes, and the young lady, as soon as he is dead, sets to work to publish his letters. Thus censures from his pen on people yet alive, which he himself would evidently have rather died than print, are given without scruple to the world. Sometimes these censures are exceedingly offensive. Madlle. Bölte appears to have met a lady, whose name, though it is openly given, we shall not reproduce, but who is well known in English literature, not less through her own than through her husband's fame; and, in the course of conversation, this lady seems to have passed the judgment which most Englishwomen would pass upon Schleiermacher's well-known and very equivocal flirtations. How near the wind that eminent theologian sailed in his pastoral relations to the sex may be judged from the fact that he urged it upon one of his flames that she ought, as a moral and religious duty, to get herself divorced from her husband, in order to be married to himself. However, this is Varnhagen's reply, coolly published with the name at length:—

Concerning Mrs. —, you write to me graphically, convincingly. She must be what you describe, for you could only so describe that which is really true. The miserable phrases concerning Schleiermacher's letters to Madame Here! To me such hypocritical virtue (*Zugendgleissnerci*) is only fit to be vomited upon.

A yet stronger case is the account of Herr von Sternberg, because the subject of it belongs to Varnhagen's own circle, among whom, from affection for his memory, the book has no doubt been widely read:—

There is an event which is spoken of on every side with the most violent indignation. It is that Herr von Sternberg is going to marry, against the expectation, and to the astonishment, of every one, a *Fraulein* von Waldow, who is about as old as he is, without beauty, without mind, but with some money. There is constant conversation about it; all the little comic incidents and expressions are brought forward, and every one is waiting with the greatest curiosity to see what a marriage will be like between persons, of whom the lady seems by no means suited for such a relationship.

This was written ten years ago, and the people who figure in it are probably still alive in Berlin, enjoying, no doubt, the sensation which this sudden notoriety of their private scandals is creating among their neighbours. We must admit that, in free-spoken vulgarity of criticism upon the private life of her friends, this young lady has surpassed at her first essay the finest American models. Other of Madlle. Bölte's friends form a subordinate portion of the exhibition. We have slight glimpses of passages in the private life of Mr. Lewes and M. Freiligrath, just sufficiently veiled not to be unintelligible. M. Bunsen is stoutly abused—a mode of treatment which he must infinitely prefer to the publication of his most private letters, which disgraced the compilation of Madlle. Ludmilla Assing. We have quite a small biography of Mr. Monckton Milnes. We follow him on his journeys, we trace the development of his inner life, as he becomes "more earnest, but with humour undried up, and laugh as cheerful as heretofore;" and we listen to his aged friend's sound advice not to exchange the poet for the statesman. Nay, we are guided even to more delicate ground, where we shall simply quote and not interpret. Varnhagen writes to his young lady friend some worldly-wise advice, which she has not been coy enough to suppress:—

I hope the acquaintance with Mr. Milnes is now made, and to the satisfaction of both sides. Such threads easily spin themselves farther, and lead to other ties. My best wishes thereto!

Alas! for the brightest of human hopes! "Love not, love not, the thing you love may change." A few pages on, and we read:—

If Mr. Milnes appears but little, there may be a good reason for it. I fancy I have heard that he is going courting. Perhaps you have since heard the same thing. I wish him all happiness, and am sure he will be a good and noble husband.

One of Varnhagen's numerous young lady friends is reported as complaining bitterly of the dullness of London, and the impossibility of cutting a way into its exclusive society. So long as German literary ladies are affected with this mania for publishing other people's secrets, we do not wonder that they find society difficult to enter. Nobody likes to have "a chiel among them takin' notes"—still less when they know that those notes will be printed, unchecked by even the ordinary reticence which an English county newspaper would maintain. It does not add to the ease or pleasure of conversation to know that the fair-haired, round-eyed, full-proportioned young female who is talking broken English near you, is listening with all her

ears to what you are saying, and that to-night she will retire to her desk and transmit your innocent small-talk, with such glosses as her own imperfect knowledge of the language may suggest, to some acid recluse in Germany, who sees the world through the spectacles of a chronic influenza, and whose bilious comment on your well-meant efforts to be agreeable will be printed, to your utter confusion, in a few years time. If this practice is to continue, a literary German lady will be shunned in society like a leper or a police-spy.

Varnhagen's own character comes out more amiably in this collection of letters than it did in Madlle. Assing's extracts from his diary. It brings into more prominence the ailing, water-grievous sort of life he passed during his closing years—a life of alternate influenza and rheumatism, that would have turned the sweetest disposition into gall. It also brings into view the fact that he had loves as well as hates, admirations as well as detestations, and that, to whichever side he leant, he was always in extremes. As these emotions were distributed according to the teaching of a philosophy wholly unknown in England, they occasionally produced judgments that seem to us rather eccentric. It sounds strange to hear a man gravely denouncing those who charged Goethe with impurity of life, and in all seriousness recommending *Wilhelm Meister* to his young lady friend as the best guide that she could follow. It is still stranger to find a man of eminence indignantly maintaining that Rousseau was not vain, and that Voltaire was actuated by "the most pious philanthropy." Generally, however, "pious" was by no means a term of praise in his eyes. Here, as in the diary, he is fond of sneering at Bunsen as a "fanatic pietist." After the Revolution of 1848 he triumphs over him with great jubilation—"How badly all the pious people must have prayed, that Heaven has let them fall so utterly!" The very mention of such a word as "Church" has the effect on him of a red rag on a bull. He bitterly complains of our "religious externality," our "Church pedantry," and earnestly exhorts his correspondent, who is troubled with religious doubts, not to resort to any "Church or religious habits," as a protection against them. His judgments on England altogether are very curious. The only thing about us he thoroughly admires is our climate. Our aristocraticism, our religion, our social restrictions he cannot abide; but, beyond this, there is a certain unnamed prejudice against which he is continually inveighing, and which, from the connexion with women under various circumstances in which it is generally spoken of, we take to be our too rigorous morality.

The truth is, that our English morality is always repulsive to those thinkers who, like Varnhagen, place all their philosophy and religion in the worship of *das Menschliche*. This is the principle which breathes through all his criticisms and all his advice, and a "healthy animalism" is its natural consequence. William von Humboldt's asceticism revolts him. His greatest praise of an individual is, that he "lets the human be seen most clearly in him." His criterion of a good book is that it is one "in which *reine Menschlichkeit* reveals itself." As long as Carlyle sticks to his hero-worship, Varnhagen's admiration for him knows no bounds, for hero-worship is clearly a part of humanity-worship. But when Carlyle publishes a pamphlet recommending greater severity to prisoners, this, being a backsliding from humanity-worship, stamps him as an apostate; and from that time forward Varnhagen thinks very little of Carlyle. We have so little of this tone of feeling in England—for the writers of our genial school are but clumsy imitators—that we can form little conception of the extent to which it taints the whole thought of Germany. Probably we owe our exemption to the honour we pay to science, and the precedence that it holds over metaphysics. In the presence of such teachers as Professor Owen and Mr. Darwin, it is difficult to deify "the human," even though we may not agree with them to the full extent. The physiological fact that the animal man differs from a gorilla mainly by the possession of a great toe, is a damper on the worship of *das Menschliche*; and while the German listens only to his metaphysician, the Englishman gives ear chiefly to his physiologist. The religious world is apt to be scared at the teaching of our scientific men; but it should remember that it owes them a debt of deep gratitude for having imparted to the English mind that practical habit of reasoning which makes Englishmen impervious to the more seductive, because more flattering, errors that prevail in Germany.

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